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### IN THE SOUDAN.

BY PROF. R. F. LEGGOTT.

Gordon! a name to thrill  
The heart of the valiant still.  
Noble and true and tender,  
In the dust of Egypt's splendor,  
Marred by hostile spears,  
Mourning by a nation's tears,  
The great commander lies  
Under the desert skies.

A soldier whose fame has flown  
Where'er the winds have blown.  
How shall we tell the story  
Rehearsing his deeds of glory?  
How fair white honor crowned him,  
And all the graces found him?

Though dead by the slumberous stream  
That winds through Egypt's dream,  
Where the tropic palms will wave  
Forever above his grave,  
The winds of the desert moan  
For the valiant spirit flown,  
And never his fame can be hid  
In the land of the pyramids.

What deeds of valor done  
'Neath the tropic's burning sun!  
The march of weary feet  
Through the desert's blinding heat,  
The siege at last and the doom  
By the walls of Khartoum—  
The pride of the army which flows  
From Konia's lifted snows,  
Watched over by palm and star  
From the crags of Ankorbar.

O city he held so long  
With a few brave hearts and strong,  
Where he swept with gracious sway  
Oppression and wrong away,  
Betrayed by the foe and lost  
At such a perilous cost!

So perished three hundred men  
Of old in a mountain glen!  
All maddened by hostile spears  
And maddened by a nation's tears,  
The dead commander lies  
Under Egypt's haunted skies!  
Ward, Pa.

## A STUDENT'S MEMORY OF DR. WHEDON.

BY JUDGE ROBERT C. PITMAN.

The recent announcement of the death of Dr. Daniel D. Whedon, carries my mind back over more than forty years. I knew him personally only as Professor Whedon; and although he has been a powerful factor in a wider world since, and has done strong and solid work for truth and righteousness, it is only of his life at Middletown that I shall speak.

When the class of 1845 entered college, Middletown was a day and a half distant from Boston, and the telegraph was unknown. But the changes in the intellectual world are not less than in the material. The science of chemistry is a revolution in nomenclature and in theories. The doctrine of the correlation and conservation of forces has changed all the old working hypotheses of natural philosophy; new sciences, like biology, have sprung into being; evolution has given new laws to the universe; and even mathematics has taken on a new dimension in the science of quaternions. But amid all these changes the Greek and Roman classics remain the same. The songs of Aeschylus rolled melodiously and the odes of Horace dropped their honeyed tones as now. Tacitus was as wise, and Sophocles as solemn. Perhaps it is not entirely fanciful to attribute something of the permanent influence of our professor had over us to the permanency of the languages he taught.

But still more was due to personal influence. It was the day of small things, but not of small men, at the University. In those old times we trod the rickety steps of what was known as "the old boarding hall," and passed into a bare and cheerless room to read the Greek tragedies by candlelight; but a better light filled the place—the light of genius. Unprepossessing in appearance, grotesque in manner, our professor had but to open his mouth and a sense of power came to us all. We did not pause to ask whether we liked him. We were at once proud of him. He sometimes cut like steel—but it was so bright and polished steel that it left no irritation. How I recall his very words!

To a blunderer he exclaimed, "Take

heed, thou shalt do no murder." To one rashly paraphrasing the perfect odes of Horace, he said, "No little elegancies of your own, Mr. —, if you please." He extinguished, one day, an incorrigible who had exhausted his patience, by blandly remarking, "I may as well mention one little peculiarity of your translation—you never seem to have the slightest sense of the meaning of your author!" But it was not necessary for him to use many words ordinarily to convey to a student the verdict he rendered upon his performance. The turn he gave to the simple word "Next" when the student had finished, which no one who ever heard it can forget, showed whether he was chuckling with delight over a clever translation, merely indifferent at an ordinary recitation, or suppressing with difficulty his critical wrath at a job of mangling. He was supposed to be not over-careful in the arithmetical calculation of "marks," but the student never had any doubt that he was well marked at the time by the keen-eyed professor.

He had a high estimate of his department. Perhaps those who heard his courses of lectures on the Will may have rightly judged that he had a surpassing genius for metaphysics. But the study of language was common to both departments, and was a perpetual joy to him. I shall never forget the emphasis with which he repeated to us in our freshman year the aphorism of Coleridge that "The history of a word is sometimes of more consequence than the history of a nation." The study of the classics with such an instructor was truly a liberal education; not a mere drill in grammar, but an exercise of all the higher faculties of the mind.

Professor Whedon's throne was in the class-room. He counted for little elsewhere in college. Probably the students liked him better because he was less omnipresent than his colleagues. In those days the government of the college was eminently "paternal." The faculty recommended a table from which animal food and tea and coffee were excluded, and where students might live "chiefly on milk and vegetable diet, and find it very conducive to health and comfort;" they admonished parents "as 'guardians' (no doubt specially to the delight of the latter), "that young men at college have very little need of spending money;" and adding with an eye to thrift, which in their poverty was more than pardonable, that it would be "altogether best for the University to commit the funds of the students to the president or one of the professors, who will attend to their wants and discharge their bills, for which a small commission will be charged." We fear the addition to their income was very paltry to any of the faculty, and are persuaded that it was *nil* to Dr. Whedon. And in their fatherly oversight they used to perambulate the halls, chiefly at night, and tap unexpectedly at doors mainly to see if the boys were in, but occasionally adding a housewifely suggestion as to the state of the room. So far as Whedon was concerned, the visits were angelic. In fine, he had nothing of the tutor about him, and too much absent-mindedness to satisfy the Philistine idea even of a professor. But, what was better, he was an inspiration, and is now a memory.

His name appears first in the third catalogue of the University issued in 1833, and disappears in the catalogue of 1843. This gives a service of about ten years to the University. But my grief his departure came during my sophomore year. He left the University in the early maturity of his power at the age of thirty-five, and besides some service in the itinerant ministry, and seven years in the professorship of rhetoric, logic and history at the University of Michigan, he acquired another enduring fame as editor of the *Methodist Quarterly* for more than a quarter of a century. The church of his choice never held a braver soul or a more knightly champion.

### SUMMER NOTES FROM SARATOGA.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

The season, which has hitherto languished on account of the coolness of the weather, has now become quite brilliant, though it will hardly take

rank with some of the great seasons of former years. The large hotels still have a comparatively lonesome appearance, though the piazzas are fairly gay during music hours. The avenue leading to the Lake presents a pretty spectacle during driving hours. All sorts of costly equipages are to be seen.

Saratoga is likely to have its usual number of conventions this year. The Baptists had a very good time at their anniversary a few weeks ago. Just now the New York State Teachers' Association is in session here. Hon. S. A. Ellis, of Rochester, president. Yesterday, Hon. F. B. Sanborn, secretary of the American Social Science Association, was here to complete arrangements for the annual meeting of that body. It will assemble on September 7, and remain in session four days. The American Historical Association will convene here on September 8.

Mount McGregor, to which the attention of the world is now turned as the summer home of America's grandest military hero, is about ten miles distant from this village. It is one of the Palmer range of the Adirondack Mountains, and rises very steeply to an altitude of about thirteen hundred feet. The summit is reached by a narrow-gauge railroad, which dizzily winds in and out in an involved zigzag on the beautiful wooded slopes of that side of the mountain which is least abrupt. The view from the summit is very remarkable. It not only includes many beautiful towns and villages, such as Glen's Falls, Sandy Hill, Fort Edward and Greenwich, but also the battle-ground of Bemis Heights, where was fought the most decisive engagement of the Revolution, known in history as the battle of Saratoga.

A central object in the picture is the battle monument, a graceful and lofty shaft on the heights near Schuylerville. The view to the eastward is framed by the Green Mountains, towering above which may be seen on a clear day the lotter peaks of the White Mountains. To the south are the cloud-crowned Catskills. Northward and westward, like the dark blue billows of an angry ocean, rise the Adirondacks, peak crowding peak. The marvelous expanse of landscape embraced in the eastern view, painted with the rich hues of field and thicket, spangled with the gleaming habitations and spires of lovely villages and jeweled with the sheen of lakes and the sparkle of the waters of the Hudson, is of vast extent and surpassing loveliness. For two hundred and fifty years this valley has been historic. Numerous armies of French, of English, of Indians, have marched northward and southward through it in the early colonial days. Here was the scene of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and to my memory there come not only its lovely and heroic characters, but also visions and memories of those days in which I stealthily read the magic romance during study hours in a country school in the down-east portion of grand old Maine. How many romances the companions of those days have lived in the years that have passed since then! The pictures of the memory and those of the imagination meet and mingle here.

Many visitors frequent this mountain, hoping to get a glimpse of General Grant. For several days he was confined within his cottage, but now on pleasant days he again spends hours on the piazza. The clear and tonic air of the mountain has doubtless at the least added several weeks to his life, and made existence for him much pleasanter than it could have been in an inferior atmosphere. That is much. More could not have been anticipated. He is enduring the sufferings of these last days with such fortitude, cheerfulness and simplicity, that his true greatness is more than ever apparent. On July 1 he wrote the preface to his memoirs. In its simple plainness of speech, all the circumstances considered, it is profoundly touching. I quote its opening sentences:—

"Man proposes, and God disposes." There are but few important events in the affairs of men brought about by their own choice.

"Although frequently urged by friends to write my memoirs, I had determined never to do so, nor to write anything for publication. At the age of nearly 62 I received an injury from a

fall, which confined me closely to the house, while it did not apparently affect my general health. This made study a pleasant pastime. Shortly after, the casualty of a business partner developed itself by the announcement of a failure. This was followed soon after by universal depression of all securities, which seemed to threaten the extinction of a good part of the income still retained, and for which I am indebted to the kindly act of friends. At this juncture the editor of the *Century Magazine* asked me to write a few articles for him. I consented for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money. The work I found congenial, and I determined to continue it. The event is an important one for me, for good or evil; I hope for the former."

There is a large and most delightful family of guests at Drs. Strong's, embracing many distinguished names. The social atmosphere of this Christian home is as varied, cultured and charming as ever.

Saratoga Springs, July 8.

### CHICAGO.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, D. D.

Chicago is a great city. Yet I had graduated from college, and was out in public life, when for the first time I heard its name and was told of its existence. It was spoken of then as a hamlet, comprising a few houses, with a little river creeping up and around amid the prairie. In forty years or less it had become a great city spreading afar over the plain, when the fell destroyer came and attempted its utter destruction, like as London in 1666, and Moscow in 1814, were overwhelmed in an ocean of flame. Of its sudden resurrection from its ashes, and its renewal with a magnificence so much superior to its former greatness, the world knows; while it is now reported as the third in rank among the great American cities.

And Chicago still grows; and the seeming is that it may, must and will grow almost indefinitely. Behind it, and stretching far away northward, westward, and southward, lies an almost boundless reach of country, the most fertile in the world, and penetrated by railroads radiating in all directions, shooting off from this great focus, and opening up with wondrous rapidity these beautiful lands so tempting to the countless multitudes to enter in and occupy and cultivate them. Before this same city, and connected with it, spreads out a world of navigable waters where already float from and to its spacious harbor a vast commerce laden with untold riches.

As is well known, great cities must have extraordinary arrangements for life and comfort. There must be huge and lofty warehouses, mammoth stores, palatial hotels, spacious churches, ample and various manufacturing, gigantic steam works and movements, extensive water accommodations, and many other useful and beautiful things; and Chicago comprises all these, and more than I have knowledge or skill to enumerate or specify. Also, among its multitude of streets, it comprises some highways and avenues of singular beauty to a stranger's eye. Here are not a few edifices and grounds—so goodly and attractive as I, an untraveled man, have never seen elsewhere. Had I a few hundred years to live on this planet—as I have only a few days—possibly I might be tempted to strike for some such home as one of these, here to live long and pleasantly and prosperously as one blessed century after another would slowly and serenely pass over me. But as it is, it is not worth while to think of such an enterprise. There is a better way.

Chicago, among other interesting matters, comprises a multitude of people, seemingly a wondrously active and busy race of beings. It is said, however, that they are not all good people, and that this mighty city, with all its enterprise, riches, advantages, and all its splendid prospects, is, after all, not heaven; and that if some of the "sons of God" have, from various realms, come together here, to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. All this is probable, nay, very certain; and it will always be so until the evil one shall be cast out forever.

But the sons of God are still here; and His daughters, too, are here, both the one and the other in godly numbers. Nor are they idle or "at ease in Zion." Godly people and godly

ministers of different names are meditating, and praying, and planning, and working—aiming for the instruction and safety of the young, for the prevention of wickedness, for the reformation of the corrupt and vicious, and, generally, for the spiritual prosperity of the city.

And among the others McCabe is here, and his home is also here—so far as such a winged being may be said to have a home; and his bow abides in strength, and his spirits are buoyant as ever, and amid his faith the coming of his missionary "million" is as certain as that the sun continues to roll in the heavens. And whosoever contemplates any participation in leading on that sure and certain advent, must bestir themselves promptly.

Well, there are not many McCabes; but we are all glad that there is one; and may he live forever!

### MEXICO.

The Last Gun from the Romish Camp.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

Romanism fears nothing as much as the press. At least, so it seems in Mexico, for wherever we have gone with our tracts, papers and Bibles, she has made a desperate struggle to counteract the influence of our printed page. When Puebla, Guanajuato, Queretaro, and other stations were established, fortified, as they were, by the Gospel in print, the bishops of these several States made all haste to express their opinion of us and our publications in large, flaming sheets nailed to the door of every church and chapel throughout their diocese, and, in some cases, read three successive Sundays from their pulpits.

Well, Yucatan is now heard from. This is one of the Gulf States, and being so far away, has received but little attention from evangelical workers. About three months ago, however, the American Bible Society sent a colporteur into the States of Campeche and Yucatan. In Progresso, Campeche, the fanatics contrived a way to throw the poor fellow into prison. This he considered rather providential than otherwise, for he began immediately to preach the Gospel. The morning after his arrest all the other prisoners gathered about him in the yard and began, according to their custom, to ask him the reason of his arrest. He replied that he was quietly pursuing a legitimate business in the public square when, without explanation, he was arrested and put in the prison. But, said he, "I am not over-anxious, for I have an Advocate who knows everything and who has never yet failed me." By this time their curiosity was aroused, and they wanted to know who was his advocate. This he considered a good opportunity for preaching them a sermon on the text, "If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father," etc. Then he told them all about Paul's prison life. After three days of such preaching, the judge, who had been a party to the false imprisonment, was glad enough to give him his liberty, for fear all the prisoners would accept the Gospel.

The people, however, demanded that he should leave the State, and the uproar was more than he could withstand. So he came to Merida in the State of Yucatan. Here, he called, at once, upon the governor, an aged Anaya Indian, who received him very kindly and purchased one of his small Bibles. A few days later he found out that the aged governor, who before was never known to read at night, had actually bought a pair of spectacles, so that at night, after all his day's duties were discharged, he might read "this wonderful book." He has become so interested in the colporteur and his book that he is begging him to go out on his farm and establish a "Bible school." Under this generous protection of the government of Yucatan he pursues unmolested his work in the public squares of Merida. One morning, between the hours of six and nine, he sold three hundred copies of the Gospels. His stock in trade has been 296 Bibles, 261 Testaments, 1,220 Gospels and 10,000 tracts for free distribution. He has been less than three months in the two States, and is already calling for fresh supplies.

These Bibles, tracts, etc., have produced their usual result among the blinded fanatics of Yucatan. Seeing they cannot induce the government to expel this faithful colporteur from within their limits, they have issued a flaming bulletin, 13x18 inches, and headed with a cut of the Mexican eagle, carrying in its mouth a pendant upon which are inscribed in capital letters, RELIGION, UNION, INDEPENDENCIA. It reads as follows:—

"Citizens of Yucatan: The Yankee element again presents itself among us disguised as an agent of the infamous sect proclaimed by the apostate Luther. Texas, New Mexico and California, snatched from the bosom of our country by the rapacious wolf of the North, represent no distant epoch written on the pages of our national history with blood and fire. The lambs of our brethren wounded by Yankee Protestant balls, still resound in our ears, reminding us how they taught us to die, struggling against the eternal enemies of our race. But now they do not attack us with arms in hand as in that detestable time; they understand that the holy doctrines bequeathed us by our parents give us a solid union, and they try to tear them violently from us by means of an absurd Protestantism, to then take away our liberty and independence. Let us repel them then, on the ground in which they attack us, and defend, with boldness and tenacity, our honor and outraged sentiments."

"There is actually among us a propagandist missionary of the sect proclaimed by the rousing and sacrilegious Luther, distributing Protestant tracts and leaves, and selling Bibles and gospels, adulterated, unapproved, and without notes. This individual, expelled from the neighboring State of Campeche, imprisoned on other occasions, and who has for his only protection here a Mexican who has denied his religion and his country, has the name of Manuel Francis Fernandez, and is distinguished by no fine manners, which fact has cost him several visits to the police station of this city."

"Yucatan Catholics, remember that the Church, always solicitous for the good of its children, positively prohibits, under severest penalty, to read, possess or retain these poisonous publications, and that, for all Mexicans, it is a crime of treason to protect the Yankee Protestant invasion."

About the same time the mail brought us a paper called *The Friend of the Country*, which contains an article dedicated especially to the *Illustrated Christian Advocate*, with special warnings to the people against its teachings. We are very grateful to these fanatical editors for their free advertisement of our paper and tracts. We always find that such attacks from the enemy only increase the demand for our publications. So we immediately sent, through the mail, 3,385 copies of assorted tracts containing 26,795 pages of gospel matter. The last letters from the faithful colporteur there are genuine Macedonian cries for help. He stands the sole representative of the Gospel in one of the most important States of the Mexican federation, a State which contains nearly half a million of people. In the city of Merida alone, where he now labors, there are 23,500 inhabitants. Lack of means prevents us sending men, but we shall continue to send thousands of tracts, and beg the church at home to remember this new field in their prayers.

Mexico City, June 23, 1885.

### Our Exchanges.

BY SITO.

"Some people try to manifest their Christian spirituality by decrying all denominationalism. They are full of trouble on account of the existence of different denominations in sparsely populated regions. They forget that denominational convictions are altogether independent of the number of people who may be in one's vicinity. It is a poor argument against the existence of a church of any denomination that its pastor is only half-supported or that much money might be saved if many churches were not built. Left alone, after making a few converts in a heathen land, a pastor would be only 'half-supported.' Churches are not institutions, so far as we know, to support pastors or build meeting-houses. It is very easy to groan over the waste of money, and has been ever since Jesus Iscariot did so, but if any Christians believe they have truths which others do not perceive or neglect properly to maintain, they are bound to proclaim them. Mr. Spurgeon, lately addressing a Presbyterian synod, urged them in every way possible to try and promote the unity of the church of Christ, but he wisely remarked, 'That man who did not love his wife must not talk about his devotion to the sex, and those who did not love their own church must not talk about their love for the people of God.'—Baptist Weekly.

No comment that could be made on footpath attempts put forth at the peril of one's life by the notoriety seekers will make them the last of their kind. This itching after notoriety is on a line with other experiences constantly encountered in this mundane world—it is the attempt to secure a public prominence by offering something of an extraordinary character, quite phenomenal and distinct by itself; and this, on the part of those who, not having the character and the capacity to win the world's

regard, are not at all content to quietly do their duty in whatever direction that duty-path may be. So they seek by the performance of some extraordinary feat to attract the attention of the public upon themselves. In such a work the chief incentive is personal vanity, and this feeling is not lessened but increased by the fact that all these personages mistake notoriety for fame and reputation for character. Of course money-making is also an accompaniment of these performances, but that is incidental.—*Christian at Work.*

This may pass for a very fair and merited rebuke of that kind of preachers and preaching that have won for themselves, by heretical bravado, capriciousness, or oddity, the blameworthy title, "sensational."

It seems paradoxical, but there is at once a surplusage and deficiency of ministers. A large number of men have devoted years of time and much money and labor to preparation for the ministry, and have perhaps had years of experience in it, and yet are now standing in the market-places for the dead, as the church has hired them. A large number of churches, some amply able to sustain pastors, and all as able as they ever will be, till they have pastors, are as sheep without a shepherd. These things ought not to be. And way is it that there are so many churchless ministers, and so many ministerless churches?—*New York Evangelist.*

Our worthy Presbyterian contemporaries struggle with this problem, apparently without coming to a satisfactory conclusion. We opine that the chief trouble lies in the system which keeps the workmen standing around waiting for the established churches to inspect and call them. A system that sends men into new fields to gather churches will take care of the "surplusage" of ministers. If this "large number of men" are sound in the faith and are burning with zeal to save souls, we can set them at work and give them as good fields for their ministry as St. Paul had, and warrant them as good pay.

It is enough to make the bones of Thomas Chalmers rattle in their coffin that a minister of the Free Church should be guilty of such doings as are charged upon the Rev. David Muir, of an Edinburgh suburban parish of the Free Church. It seems that Mr. Muir on a recent occasion was photographed while wearing priestly robes and holding a crucifix in his hands. Furthermore, he recently prayed for the respectability of Mr. Gladstone and Martin Luther. As Luther is dead, Mr. Muir's prayer was a prayer for the dead, and such was unacceptably shocking to his Presbyterian friends. Moreover—though this was not a theological offense—Mr. Muir clearly implied that he had a very low opinion of both Luther and Mr. Gladstone—a case of dragging politics into the pulpit, and with the usual results. Mr. Muir is now on trial, and the result will soon be known. But we should say of a minister wearing priestly robes and carrying a crucifix in his hand that while he may have his place, that place of all others on this mundane sphere is not a pulpit established by John Knox and remodelled by Thomas Chalmers.—*Christian at Work.*

This illustrates the phenomenal effect of longitude. Across the water Rev. Hyperbole Verisopht seeks notoriety by church millinery and papal ceremonies; in this country his twin brother accomplishes the same result by cackling over undiscovers "mistakes of Moses."

We hope our readers will notice the advertisement of the bazaar which the Marquis of Lorne has kindly consented to open in the Royal Pavillion, Brighton, on the 27th inst. We are glad to see that Lady Brassey will open the bazaar on the following day. These gracious acts on the part of distinguished persons not comported with our own communion are much appreciated. The object is worthy of the most generous assistance. £1,170 is still needed to discharge all liabilities in connection with the long delayed and urgently needed rebuilding of the Dorset Gardens Chapel. We hope that Mr. Westerdale's brave and devoted work will be crowned with complete success.—*Methodist Times.*

We reproduce this bit of English local church news to let our readers see how our transatlantic brethren do some things. Facing Secretary Bayard or Miss Cleveland opening a church fair in the church at Hardscrabble Centre!

Dr. Cuyler in certain late articles for the *Evangelist* uses some very striking illustrations. Speaking of Princeton practices in other years, he says it was the custom for the seminary to "break in her young colts" by practicing them in the country churches round about. In a later number, "A Day at Princeton," he further says: "Ah, this dear old 'Oratory!' What graduate of the seminary can ever forget it? How many of us delivered there our maiden efforts at preaching, just ten minutes long, and yet long enough to show how green and crude a first effort may be!" He very appropriately compares this grade of sermons to "veal which was troubled with youngness." One can rarely take up a paper now to read the church news without being struck with amazement to see into how many of the pulpits of our oldest and largest metropolitan churches these "green and crude" seminarians are thrust!—*Evangelist.*

Successful conversation assumes, in the first place, sympathetic people. There must at least be a willingness to get on common ground. Dr. Johnson once tried a fellow-traveler in a stage-coach on various topics, and could get nothing out of him. At last the poor fellow, realizing the humiliating situation, in despair exclaimed, "Try me on another!" He did, and found an eloquent talker. He who can adjust himself to his company will always be entertaining.—*Interior.*



## Miscellaneous.

## A SINGULAR QUESTION.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

"Should pastors study the sciences of infidel writers?" inquires Bro. A. Atwood. That depends, I should say, on whether a pastor would be intelligent, scholarly, thoroughly the master of his profession, or no. A man, if a person of strong faith and "mighty in the Scriptures," may even, if not versed in the "sciences," or even in "systematic divinity," give an excellent account of himself as a Gospel preacher. It is by no means necessary that all preachers of the Gospel be theologians, or even Doctors of Divinity. A thoroughly consecrated man, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and fairly endowed with the gift of utterance, will be preferred by the church any day, as a preacher, to the most scholarly or learned man if destitute of these qualities. But shall we say that the preacher, however well versed in the Scriptures, if yet utterly ignorant of the current phases of unbelief, is a man "thoroughly furnished unto every good work?" Was it not necessary that the first preachers be qualified by a thorough understanding of the same, to combat the heresies by which the church was so pestilently beset in their day? I should say that the young theologian who could not become at least moderately acquainted with either ancient or modern forms of assault upon the Christian faith, without a loss of confidence in the truths of Christianity, would better return to his mother and take a few more lessons in domestic religion. The idea is preposterous.

Brother Atwood continually confounds the young and immature with professional men—men of mature minds and trained talent. Because it is not wise for young Christians to read infidel books, it does not follow that it may not be wise, and even necessary, for a scholar, and especially a religious teacher, to do this. It is not wise for boys and girls in the high school to give attention to morbid anatomy or to visit dissecting rooms. But those pursuing the study of medicine not only may, but must, do this. An immature mind, an unscholarly person, unable to perceive the fallacy, or to unravel the subtle sophistry, or detect the baseless assumptions connected with infidel or rationalistic reasoning, would, naturally, be in great danger of receiving serious, if not fatal, injury from the perusal of infidel works. The case of the scholar is widely different. Wesley is quoted as saying that, under certain circumstances, he might feel it "his duty to show up the real value of Voltaire's writings." But how could he have done this if he had not first become acquainted with that eminent infidel's opinions? And how dared he to take the time to inquire into them, when he had been so much more usefully employed preaching the Word? Besides, there was such great danger of his faith in the Gospel being weakened and undermined by the inquiry—least familiarity with, should lead to his imbibing, those infidel opinions. Instead of his arguing, or showing up their worthlessness, why did he not simply admonish his people to let all such bad doctrines alone—to flee from the same as from the breath of a pestilence?

The principle laid down by Bro. Atwood would lead to the discarding of all apologetic religious learning. Why read Butler's Analogy, if it is a waste of time, or something worse, to inquire carefully into the nature of the heresies, or errors, for which this was to be the all-sufficient antidote? How superficial and inadequate must be the Christian scholarship yielded by any such policy of wholesale ignorance as this! The fact is, that the creeds of the church themselves cannot be intelligently understood without knowing something about the controversies of which they were originally born.

I am not advising the average young preacher to spend any such amount of time as Bro. Atwood seems to think many do, in the examination of the theories of infidel scientists or rationalistic theologians. Much less would I think of recommending the practice of the minister he refers to, who, instead of preaching the Gospel, served his people for a good part of the time to re-bashes of German cavils and skeptical opinions, for the sake of demolishing them. The superlative folly of such a course is doubtless sufficiently manifest. Apologetic preaching has long been at a discount.

A positive preaching of the great doctrines of the Bible is what is always needed. The minister that cannot be at some pains to learn what the enemy is just now thinking, saying, doing, without lugging the results of all his studies into the pulpit, is to be pitied. To be thorough-

ly qualified, however, to discharge all his duties as a pastor—to enlighten bewildered minds, to confound the audacious skeptic wherever encountered, to properly guard thoughtful yet immature minds against subtle, pestilent popular error, the preacher should know something, certainly, of what the devil of popular infidelity is about.

## MICHIGAN.

BY REV. GEO. W. HUDSON.

## SECOND PAPER.

## THE PEOPLE OF MICHIGAN.

People in the East think of Michigan as "away out West." But let any one come here and speak of this as "out West," and people open their eyes and look up in amazement, as if to say, "Where did you come from, anyway?" And really it is not very far West when we come to think that it is much less than half way across this great continent.

A young miss in a certain Eastern city once asked a young theologian from the West what kind of houses the people lived in where he came from. Our old professor said that we should never presume on the technical knowledge of our hearers. So I will say that Michigan is not a wild country, except some portions of it. There are some extensive forests through which native deer still wander, to tempt the sportsman. There are also beautiful trout in the streams of the northern part of the State. Some of the northern counties are not yet organized. But notwithstanding this "wildness" of some parts, we have as comfortable and refined homes, and as intelligent and cultured people, as one can find anywhere in the United States. Our people have all of the modern appendages of our advancing civilization, even down to the Chinese laundry and the skating rink!

The people of New England need not be surprised if I tell them that the people of Michigan seem very much like New England people. If we except some slight differences in the articulation of consonants and vowels, and some few "provincialisms," it would be difficult for a genuine New Englander in Michigan to persuade himself that he is not yet in New England. The question of adaptation to the customs and tastes of the "West" need not disturb any minister or layman who thinks of making Michigan his home. The fact is, that we have a people who could pass muster in the most refined circles of American society. Even in the newest portions of Michigan, as in Nebraska and Dakota, the people are an intelligent, well-educated people, and really need the ablest preachers and teachers, although they are not rich enough to command them. According to the census of 1880, only 3.8 per cent. of the population of Michigan are unable to read, and only 5.2 per cent. are unable to write. The dark shades of ignorance, so dense in the South, do not rest very heavily, therefore, on the Peninsular State. In fact, but few of the States can make a better showing in this regard.

The intelligence and industry of the people would lead to the inference that they have come of a good stock. The facts of the last census demonstrate this inference. Looking over these facts we find that while 789,445 of our people were born in Michigan, 229,240 were born in the State of New York. But this gives only a faint idea of the New York blood which flows in the veins of our people. Just consider that a large proportion of those thus set down as natives of New York, are old pioneers who settled here years ago and brought up families, and none of your nice little fashionable families either, but families of the large, old-fashioned type. These boys and girls are set down as natives of Michigan, of course. But the blood in their veins is entirely "York State" blood. Can any one fail to perceive how large an element this New York blood must be among us?

But now comes the important part of this genealogy. These New York pioneers came very largely from portions of New York originally settled by New Englanders. While, therefore, old Dutch names are not uncommon in Michigan, old Puritan names are much more common, and the bulk of the people can trace their ancestral line back to honored New England families. A fragment of Plymouth Rock has been planted in these beautiful peninsulas. This will account for the similarity of the people of Michigan to the people of New England, to which allusion has already been made. It certainly goes far toward accounting for their industry and intelligence.

But let no one infer that we have no foreign element here. On the contrary, about 25 per cent., or one-fourth of our population, is foreign-born, just as we might expect in a prosperous, growing State like Michigan. The census of 1880 showed 388,508 foreigners, but they are the very best of their class, as their nationality will prove. Canada sent us 145,968. These are largely of Anglo-Saxon blood. Germany sent us 89,085, Ireland, 43,413, England, 43,202, Holland, 17,177, Scotland, 10,731, Sweden, 9,412. The remainder, about 34,000, are scattered among all other countries. But not only is the nationality in our favor. The situation of our population has much to do in determining the character of immigration. Our foreign population is not crowded into cities. Detroit is our largest city, with less than 150,000 inhabitants. Our foreigners are largely settled on farms. A large proportion of those from Ireland are Presbyterians, and among the most thrifty of our citizens.

The fact that we have no great cities has another important bearing. Our people, being so largely rural, are noted for their physical vigor and moral stamina. Without doubt, a home in the country possesses many advantages over the city. The people in rural dis-

tricts have pure air, pure water, and plenty of sunlight—the three requisites of good health and physical vigor. Then they are, to a considerable extent, at least, outside the whirlpool of social pleasures and follies. It is a fact that the city population is being continually recruited from the country, in all our great cities. In the great centres of commerce, who was born and reared in the city, is the exception. The great majority of them have come in from the country as errand boys and clerks. This seems strange at first, but when we note the different social surroundings of the city boy and the country boy, we cease to wonder. The city boy is in a hot-bed of excitement and privilege. He has parties to attend, concerts and lectures to attend, feasts to attend. He eats candies and rich pastry, he is up late nights. He lives under the pressure of constant nervous excitement. Now add to all this the temptations of city life—temptations to which his nervous strain and social habits render the city youth especially susceptible—and we need not wonder that many city boys yet in their teens have run the whole round of pleasure and sinful self-indulgence. The result is, that they are "burned out." Their nervous vigor is exhausted before they reach manhood. Many of them are the victims of incurable and wasting diseases brought on by their follies.

On the other hand, the country boy has less of privilege and less of temptation. He does not see so much, and is not so wise and accomplished. He is often uncouth and bashful, but he has plenty of sleep and plenty of healthful exercise. The result is, that he comes to manhood with constitutional vigor unimpaired. Though poor, he is "chock full of days' work," and with these he can earn money. He does earn it, and usually distances the city boy before the race has progressed very far. This rural vigor belongs to the people of Michigan in an eminent degree.

But if any one imagines that the people of this State are a set of uneducated and unrefined "rustics," he is greatly mistaken. Although a rural people, we have as fine educational facilities as can be found in the world. Our public school system may well challenge comparison with that of any other State. As in all the other Western States, section 16 of each township was set apart for school purposes. In Michigan the State, and not the townships, was made the custodian of those lands. The result will be a permanent school fund of about \$4,500,000. This is held by the State, on which it pays seven per cent. interest. This annual interest is supplemented by direct taxation, State and municipal, bringing the entire annual school expenditure of the State up to nearly \$4,000,000. Statistics prove that the great mass of the children between the ages of seven and fifteen are in the public schools.

In no State will one find a better class of school buildings than in the towns and cities of Michigan. The country school-houses are generally good, often of brick and commodious; while in the towns and growing cities they are simply splendid. They are pointed out with pride to visitors and new-comers, and well they may be; for the wealthier States of the East cannot beat them. In every considerable village they have a graded school. In the cities they have apparatus and libraries. The beauty of the school system of the State is that it is a unit from the time the pupil enters the primary school until he graduates from the halls of the University. What I mean by this is that in our villages one may enter and graduate from the high school, and enter the course of study in the University without further preparation, provided he chooses to do so. The high-school courses are arranged to prepare for the University.

Michigan University was founded in 1841. Its corps of professors now numbers 85, and its catalogue numbers over 1,500 students. Though not yet fifty years old, it rivals the old institutions of the East with histories running back to colonial times. Its growth, like the growth of our country, has been marvelous. It enjoys a national reputation. It is situated at Ann Arbor. The city has really grown up around the University, and depends upon it for its prosperity. The University was started by a congressional grant, which comprised first and last two townships and three sections. All has been sold, and an endowment of \$543,203 has been realized, yielding an income of \$35,820. The State now levies an annual tax of one-twentieth of one mill on the dollar to aid in meeting current expenses.

It is, therefore, emphatically a State institution, fostered and supported by the State. This will account for its marvelous growth in influence and efficiency. The older institutions of the East, on the contrary, struggled long for the right to exist. They have been a growth, while our University has sprung up at once to the foremost rank. It shows the advantages of State aid to higher institutions of learning. It is a speedy and successful way of building them up. It gives them a discipline and efficiency, perhaps, inferior to none.

But after all this is admitted, it is a question whether "State aid" for higher institutions of learning is desirable. It makes a strong institution; but it is to be feared that this strength is acquired at the expense of other things of much greater importance.

Much may be claimed in favor of our public school system in this country, and much must be admitted. A system of education which expends annually the sum of \$85,000,000 is something grand. It is backed by the State and is for rich and poor, high and low alike. But, after all, it is secular. In our public schools we find no religious instruction. Formerly the teachers in public schools were required to read short selections of Scripture daily. Now this rule is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." There is nowhere any strictly religious instruction. Does any

one ask why? Because the State, having charge of all the children, cannot teach any particular form of faith and practice without giving offense. Hence it must ignore religion, or give up the public school system. We believe it is well to hold on to the system and give up specific religious instruction. But when it comes to continuing this into higher institutions, we think it best to pass from under the influence of parental instruction, and, perhaps, out of the Sunday-school, then we think they ought to be brought under the influence of Christian instruction. This cannot be done in a State University. Such an institution, like our public schools, must ignore religion or be open to the charge of sectarianism. In the Michigan University to-day there is no religious instruction recognized. The instructors are compelled to ignore it. The only religious influence which reaches the students must come from the outside, from agencies independent of the University.

With all its power, with all its wonderful growth, I would not exchange the well-equipped denominational school for it to-day, because of this lack of moral and religious training.

There is another fact which, it seems to me, lies against "State aid." It must be remarked by all who are acquainted with our State, that aside from the University we have no prominent educational institution in the State. The Baptists have a college at Kalamazoo, the Methodist Episcopal Church has one at Albion, the Free Will Baptists have one at Hillsdale, the Methodist Protestants have one at Adrian. Now none of these ranks high in influence and prosperity. In fact, they have had to struggle for an existence. Methodism, which has something like seven higher institutions of learning in Iowa, and about nine in Illinois and four in Indiana, and about a dozen in Ohio, has one in Michigan, and that indifferently equipped. With a membership as large almost as in Iowa, and only one college! Why is it? The State University has killed out denominational schools. The result is, that a much smaller proportion of the young men and young women of Michigan than in other States, graduates from college. From this point of view, a State University is an evil.

But this letter is long enough. I close by saying that I will tax your patience, Mr. Editor, with one more article on "Methodism in Michigan."

TUCUMSECH, MICH.

## TENDER TRIBUTE.

BY REV. H. G. MITCHELL, PH. D.

In some of the classes that have graduated from the School of Theology, the interest in one another began in the School has been maintained and increased by means of annual class-letters. I have just read a package of such letters in which the words of the Psalmist of old and reverence of a class for our late Dean find expression. I am sure that if all who ever enjoyed his instruction could be heard, every one would in his own way give utterance to the thought that runs through these extracts, and pay a like tribute to the broad scholarship, sincere piety, and generous sympathy of Dr. Latimer.

The words quoted were not written for publication, but I know that my classmates will pardon me for using them, for there is none of them would not gladly add, if possible, to the honor in which our dear preceptor is held. I quote without regard to arrangement:

"I loved that man. The remembrance of him is precious to me."  
"My heart was grieved for our dear Dr. Latimer. He had a deep hold on my affections—had done so personal kindness."  
"The news of Dr. Latimer's death reminded me very forcibly of the last chapter of 'Tom Brown's School-days,' and I felt a sense of loneliness, with no one here to sympathize with my sorrow. May I be worthy to see him in the great theological school above!"

"How shall I speak of dear Dr. Latimer's death? I do not think I should feel a greater sense of personal loss had my own father been living and been suddenly snatched away."

"I have heard with profound grief of the death of our dear old professor, Dr. Latimer. Would that his sweet spirit and crystalline intellect might be possessed by us all."

"What a blow to the church and Boston University has come through the death of Dr. Latimer! A good and able man has fallen. Who will take his place? Not many can."

"Not often do we find so much learning, solid piety, and deep humility in one man. He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people were added unto the Lord through his influence, and he, being dead, yet speaketh."

"I grow more and more into the belief that such a life as Dr. Latimer's counts more in eternity than any other. His saintliness, his unselfishness, his unpretentiousness, are rarely equaled among the best. I fear, may his mantle fall on us all!"

"Personally I have lost one of the best and dearest friends of my life. It was he who was constantly my pattern, my ideal scholar, so long as he lived. Such eagerness for knowledge, such hospitality toward truth, such humility in wisdom, such willingness to impart what he knew, I have never seen in any other man."

son's, and I am sure that I never had a deeper desire to make all things common under the line of building up character in myself and others."

These are voluntary witnesses. We are tempted to complain that our loved teacher was so soon taken from us; is there not comfort in the thought of what he was able to do, for these and other pupils? Surely, a life that has borne such fruit cannot be called brief and vain.

## THE REBELLION IN CANADA.

BY MRS. R. P. GROVER.

Within a wonderfully brief time "this Canada of ours" has had a rebellion, and subdued it—at least, the two men who led the half-breeds and Indians, Louis Riel and the Cree chief, Poundmaker, are prisoners, and their forces scattered, so that to all intents the war is over. The effects will remain as long as the dead have any left to weep over their loss.

In speaking of the victims, we naturally think of those who left their Eastern homes and came to their country's defense in her time of peril, but there are many more who have fallen in their mistaken zeal for what was a lost cause from the beginning. That those breeds had a "cause," no one can doubt, for they were not all ignorant, blood-thirsty men. Most of them were men who held and cultivated farms; some of them were intelligent, fairly-educated men; and even a more eloquent pleader than Riel must have some cause to plead to arouse men when the odds are all against them and their homes and children are among the offerings they give to secure what they call their "rights." Riel is closely guarded at the barracks in Regina, and every week there are more prisoners brought here. Quite a number were brought here last Thursday, and they were a most pitiable sight, as they marched along towards their temporary prison—ragged, dirty, hopeless-looking men. Riel's trial will take place this month. Meantime several hundred soldiers are stationed at Regina, making the place quite a military stronghold for the time.

Great honor is due the brave boys, fresh from city homes of luxury and comfortable farms, who came here when their march was through cold, sleet, and worse than the "Virginia mud" that used to disgust our own boys when marching to help save the Union.

Greatly exaggerated reports in reference to the numbers and equipments of the rebels, made us fear a longer and more distressing war. It was said that there were thousands armed with the most death-dealing rifles and provided with two Gatling guns. In reality there were hundreds instead of thousands, very poorly armed. The accurate knowledge possessed by the breeds and Indians of the country, enabled them to intrude themselves in places difficult to attack, giving them every advantage of position.

The Canadian people have responded so generously to the needs of the soldiers, and the staff of surgeons is so well filled by experienced men, assisted by students, that when Dr. Boyd of the Princess Louise Fund arrived in the Northwest, he hardly knew where to apply the generous contributions sent to relieve the suffering. Medical stores and comforts that he brought have been left in care of Surgeon Gen. Burgin at Ottawa, to be forwarded when needed. In speaking of the fund, he says: "I dare say there are many families who have a husband or son at the front on whom they rely for daily bread, in need of assistance, and to these I shall only be too happy to furnish help." Dr. Boyd has a number of thousand dollars, the result of a meeting at the Mansion House, called at the request of the Princess Louise, who wished to show her sympathy with the Canadian people. Dr. Boyd in the Turko-Serbian campaign was with the Serbian troops; as an officer of the National Aid Society in the Russo-Turkish war he went to Turkey; and during the Zulu war he was attached to the army medical department. Among the officers of the N. W. mounted police is a son of Charles Dickens, now in command at Battleford.

Canada has learned that dealing with plain Indians is a problem as difficult to solve here, as across the lines. It has been the oft-repeated boast of many in Canada that this Government had been so upright and generous with her Indian subjects, that there was no danger of any outbreak. "We have never broken faith with the Indians as the United States Government has done, and they respect us too much to rebel," has been asserted, even when Riel had united his followers. As a matter of fact, the advance of surveys and settlement of the prairie has resulted just as it did in the United States. The Indian nature here is not unlike those across the line, and the problem how to deal with them, as difficult of solution here as there.

The prisoners held by the Indians have been much better treated, owing to the intervention of half-breeds, than they otherwise would have been. One family of ten have just been released, saved by breeds who bought them from Big Bear, paying for their ransom with ponies. Two of the family were young ladies, recent graduates from the college in Winnipeg, and two young girls belonged to Big Bear's tribe relieved the monotony of their captivity by repeated offers of marriage. Every day they would renew the request, and it is a wonder they did not force the young ladies to consent, when they were completely at their mercy. Of course, a large police force will for some time be required, as there are small bands not yet subdued.

The only direct alarm I have experienced was two weeks ago, when four breeds came to the door. I was quite alone, but allowed them to come in, and tried to appear very brave while I gave them tea and food, but was careful to stand near the open door, to run at the

first signal of danger. However, they were only very hungry, and if the way they grasped my hand as they went out, was any indication, they were grateful for the supper, and went on their way, leaving me much relieved.

## Our Book Table.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMORY UPTON, Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery, Major-General, U. S. Army, by Peter S. Michie, U. S. Military Academy; with an Introduction by Gen. James H. Wilson, late U. S. A. 12mo, 511 pp. The introduction by Gen. Wilson is, of itself, quite a full sketch of the military life of Gen. Upton, as well as a well-deserved eulogy. The subject of this very interesting memoir was a military genius of a high order, one of the rarest developed in the late war. But he was something more; he was a noble, high-minded, Christian man, an honor to his country wherever his duties called him. His pronounced Christian life commenced when he was a cadet at West Point. It was renewed after falling, during the war, into perplexing doubts, through his acquaintance with the lovely woman who became his wife, but soon left one of the most affectionate and blessed of human relations for heaven. Gen. Upton won constant advancement during the war, by his superior skill, his remarkable physical and moral courage, his genial and manly bearing, and his successful feats of daring with the forces under his command. He was one of the most popular commanders of cadets at West Point after the war, the students never presenting a finer appearance than when under his discipline. His Christian character and personal testimony were felt to be a powerful moral element in support of the chaplain's office at West Point. Gen. Upton made the army tactics a study, and his revised system was accepted by the government. After his term at West Point he was appointed upon a commission to visit and examine the military systems of the chief countries of the world. A very interesting portion of the volume is taken up with his diaries and letters during this round-the-world trip. He observed with interest the religious conditions of the people as well as their social, political, and defense. In India he visited our Methodist missions in the north. He met Mr. Dr. Parker, and attended a Methodist Conference at Chandrasee. He saw and heard him, says, an encouraging evidence that Christianity is steadily advancing in India." The elaborate report which he made upon his return, upon the armies of Europe and Asia, was one of the most important documents of the kind ever received by the government from one of its appointed commissions. He returned to his army duties and was stationed in San Francisco. He was in the prime of life, and apparently a picture of robust health, but he had a serious disease in his head, about which he had taken professional advice. His mind, too, was overworked by study. His intimate friends noticed, at times, hours of painful depression. Suddenly his reason failed him, and his second disease, by his own hand, was suddenly flashed across the continent. His Christian character had remained unweakened up to the last. There was no doubt that he was seized by a sudden brain difficulty, and that he was once more and forever united with the sweet and beloved wife whose memory was as fresh with him at the last as when she took her flight to the unseen, leaving him home desolate behind her. We need not say the volume is an interesting one. Its publication will do good in manifold forms. It presents a noble model of our young cadets, and it is, of itself, an able apology for the Christian faith.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED, by Anna Laurens Dawes. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.50. In this excellent volume the accomplished daughter of a senator Dawes, who has herself enjoyed years of personal experience in Washington, as well as availed herself of the thirty years of her father's Congressional life and of the abundant authorities found in the national library, has performed a valuable service for our young people, and indeed for their seniors as well. She has given, in a popular form and in a very clear style, an instructive interpretation of the different branches of the Federal government and of the manner of their administration. It would be an excellent text-book for our high schools and academies, as well as a very useful and attractive addition to the family library. It will refresh the mind of any reader, however experienced he may be, and add to the clearness of his comprehension of the present comprehensive and admirable treatise.

THE ONE FOLD AND THE ONLY DOOR, by A. C. Palmer, Yarmouth, Me.: Scriptural Pulpit Society, 16mo. This volume has much in it that a devout heart can enjoy, although its leading theory may not, for a moment, be admitted as Scriptural. It teaches the actual unconsciousness of the dead until Christ's second coming, and the resurrection to life only of those who fall asleep in Him. The volume shows much ingenuity, but fails to convince us that the long accepted teaching of "the Christian Church upon 'the last things'" is in error.

THE BACKSLIDERS' MONITOR, or, Bible Teaching about Backsliding, by Rev. James B. McKim, D. D., author of this little manual is the pastor of the St. Paul's M. E. Church, Fort Worth, Texas. It takes a Scriptural view of the nature, marks, and perils of this dangerous condition, our probationary life and offers wise counsel and earnest exhortations to those thus falling away from the faith. It is an excellent publication for the pastor to place in the hand of his members whose neglect of the social services gives painful evidence of waning piety. F. T. C.

SAVED TO THE UTMOST, by W. McDonald. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. This is a neatly-published 16mo of 76 pages. It gives succinct and clear answers to the questions: "What is Scriptural holiness?" "How may we obtain it?" "How may we know we have it?" "How may we be established in it?" This is a wholesome, well-guarded, instructive, and helpful little manual. It can be a blessing and an inspiration wherever it is circulated.

HOPE WITH ME, STREATOR, by Pansy. Paper covers. Published in Boston by D. Lothrop & Co. In this memorable "hour," a wonderful lesson was learned—that no service truly rendered in Christ's name is lost, however small it may be.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish, under the title of "The Longfellow Memorial," a simple and touching recital of incidents of every-day life, as seen in the light of divine Providence, and sanctified to the instruction of those who are ready to receive it. The story itself is very affecting to read.

LEFT UP YOUR HEARTS, is the title of a little vest-pocket volume, made up of

tiny Scriptural texts and choice extracts of a devotional character, selected and compiled by Rose Porter. It is prefaced by the apt quotation, "I am a great thought that I may quicken myself with it." The selections are admirably described in the words on the title page, "Helpful thoughts for overcoming the world." It contains 162 pages, and is very rich in thought and advice, 25 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

In Harper's Handy Series we have, THE WATER OF HEMLOCK, and SHIP'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME, by Hall Caine. 25 cents each.

A Knofsch, publisher, New York City, P. O. Box 1550, issues No. 4 and 7 of GERMAN SIMPLIFIED, in paper covers. This system is adapted to self-instruction after the student has been fairly started under a good teacher. Its explanations are clear and concise, its examples and selections for reading ample. It forms an excellent text-book for school or home.

A Lovell & Co., New York, publish SELECTED WORDS FOR SPELLING, DICTATION, AND LANGUAGE LESSONS, by C. E. McNeely and Wm. M. Giffin. For sale in Boston by G. B. McNeely, 75 Hawley St. We believe the discarding of the spelling-book from the schools in modern days a great misfortune. We have a terrible harvest of poor spelling as the result. The present text-book seems happily compiled to meet just the need of the hour. The supervising committees of our schools will do well to examine it.

From the same house we have, PRACTICAL WORK IN THE SCHOOL, Part I. The Human Body. This is intended for a text-book in the primary department, and arranges its lessons upon the human body in a simple and natural manner, to enable the young pupil, with a good teacher, to learn a great deal, if not everything, about the house in which we live. It is amply illustrated.

G. P. Putnam's Sons issue, in paper covers, in a quarto form, A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE, by Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Story of the American Shares with Rev. E. P. Roe in the amazing circulation of her tales; 100,000 copies of her works have been sold. The present is a popular edition of one of her best stories. Sold for 20 cents.

Oliver Ditson & Co. issue a capital collection of children's songs. It is entitled, MELODY-MAKING MELODIES; A Vocal and Piano Song Book for Children. Words and music by Wade Whitely. This is printed in quarto form. We submitted it to the hands of an expert in music and verse, and the report was very favorable.

## Magazines.

One of Church's daily pictures, Pandora, forms the handsome frontispiece to the July Harper's. The opening paper is by F. Marion Crawford on "The Mohammedans in India," illustrated by photographs by Howard and Shepard, of India. "Midsummer on Mount Desert: A Poem," by Frances L. Mace, is exquisitely illustrated by drawings by Harry Fenn. Refreshed from our Eastern wanderings by our "down-east" rest at the popular mountain isle, we take "A Day's Drive with Montana Cow-boys" and enjoy a new experience of a novel life in the saddle, a peculiarly Western institution. The session of the American Library Association in that city, in 1885, one long to be remembered. The illustrations are profuse, handsome, and full of interest; especially notable are those of the new library building of the Young Men's Association, the Landing at Fairwood, and Delaware Avenue. "Amperand" is a charming summer sketch of the heart of the Adirondack country, and fills one with longing for the cool reeds and the mountain sport. In "A Silk Dress," E. B. Washburn puts a deal of fact and instruction, and shows us the ins and outs of a successful industry, which should be still more widely extended in our country. Gen. B. F. Butler tells us of the "Army of the Republic," especially interesting in view of the new contest for the cap won. Mr. Howells' new story, "An Indian Summer," opens in his best vein. "His Royal Highness's Love Affair" is a bright and sparkling story, which we have in the hands of our good stories in "Aunt Powell's Will." A single short poem, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss Woolson's "East Angles," and the "departments" bring a delightful number to its close.

The Century for July presents a most palatable midsummer menu for the intellectual appetite to enjoy at its leisure. "George Eliot's Country," is a charming bit of description of English scenery, fully illustrated with picturesque views. Edward Eggleston treats us to one of his best efforts in "Social Life in the Colonies," and in contrast, we have notes on the life and death of "Frank Hatton in Borneo" from the pen of his father, "The Gate of India" reminds us again of the bone of contention in the far East. The war papers still claim a large share of attention, and we have the vivid and stirring particulars of "McClellan's Change of Base: The Confederate Pursuit," told by Gen. H. H. Hill; "The Seven Days' Fighting About Richmond," by Gen. William B. Franklin; and Gen. W. B. Franklin describes the "Rear Guard Fighting at Savage's Station." "Memoranda on the Civil War," follow, full of variety and interest. Mr. Howells contributes the last installment of his "Country House," "The House of the Seven Gables," and Mr. Thomas Ivory Black (T. A. Janvier) contributes an old story in "Roberson's Medium," and Frank R. Stockton adds as a contribution to his story of "The Lady of the Tiger," and equally as good, "The Discourager of Hesitancy." Those who like it will be made through Henry James' "Bostonians," we haven't. A splendid full-page portrait of Henry Clay accompanies "A Few Words About Henry Clay" by George Bancroft, the eminent historian. We must not omit to call attention to the fine frontispiece portraits of Frederic Mistral and the biographical sketch of him by Alphonse Daudet. Glider and John G. F. M. Thomas are among the poets of the number. O. W. Holmes furnishes a letter on international copyright, and the other "Open Letters" are well worth perusal. Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, the noted contributor of his wisdom to Bric-a-Brac, and the reader will not care to miss the other contributions to the latter pages of this well-filled and well-enjoyed summer issue.

The Literary World for July 11 takes for its leading editorial the question of changing the character of the proposed Longfellow Memorial at Cambridge, and proposes that instead of a park and a statue, a "Longfellow Memorial College for Women" be established to give permanence and form to the so-called Harvard Annex. Its biographies are of Fred. Wm. Henry Myers, and Alice Wellington Rollins. The usual excellent amount of critical notices and notes are given, with a sketch of "The Home of Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr."



## The Sunday School.

## THIRD QUARTER LESSON V.

Sunday, August 2.

1 Kings 18: 1-18.

ELIJAH MEETING ABAB.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D.

## I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim" (1 Kings 18: 18).
2. DATE: B. C. 907.
3. PLACE: unknown; somewhere to the northwest of Jezreel.
4. CONNECTION: The death of the widow's son, and his restoration to life in answer to Elijah's prayer.

## II. Introductory.

Above three years had passed since Elijah stood before Ahab. The dread visitation which he had predicted, had fallen pitilessly upon the people. "The famine was sore in Samaria." Cries of distress went up from man and beast all over the parched land. King Ahab and the governor of his house—Obadiah the name—went out one day, dividing the country between them, to see if anywhere, in secluded dell or thicket, could be found a patch of vegetation near some dried-up spring or brook, by which the horses and mules in the royal stables could be kept a while longer alive. In vain had Ahab sought for the Gleadite, whose word had been so dreadfully fulfilled. Every part of the land had been searched for him, and every adjoining kingdom and nation, the king in his hatred taking an oath of each that they could not find him. And yet, on this very day when Ahab and his chamberlain set forth on their quest for grass for the perishing beasts, Elijah, in obedience to God's command, had left his concealment at Zarephath, and was on his way to meet them. It was Obadiah who first saw the figure of the stern prophet, clothed in his rough mantle of sheepskin girded at the loins, with his long, shaggy hair flowing over his back, advancing across the desolate plains from the direction of Carmel. Faithful servant as he was to Jehovah, so unexpected was this meeting, and so awe-inspiring was the sight of Elijah, that the chamberlain "fell upon his face," his lips hardly able to articulate the question, "Art thou that my lord Elijah?" The prophet acknowledged the identity, and bade Obadiah carry to his royal master the laconic message, "Behold Elijah." The trembling Obadiah ventured to remonstrate. There was no assurance that the prophet would be allowed to remain till the angry king should come to find him. At any moment he might be swept away by the Spirit of the Lord, no one could tell whither, to escape the vengeance which Ahab longed to wreak upon him. For Obadiah, therefore, to go to the king with the message, "Behold Elijah," when no Elijah could be found, would be to seal his own fate; and he did not deserve it. From his youth he had "feared the Lord greatly." Had not Elijah been told how he had risked Jezebel's wrath by concealing a hundred of the hunted prophets in a cave by fifties, and feeding them with bread and water? Elijah gave him the promise that he would surely show himself to Ahab that day; and the king, summoned by his chamberlain, went to meet the prophet. "Art thou he that troublest Israel?" he sternly asked. But Elijah, unabashed, flung back the charge—not I, "but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim."

III. Expository.

1. Ahab and Obadiah (1-6).

A. After many days: The drought lasted three and a half years (Luke 4: 25; Jas. 5: 17). Elijah went nearly a year probably at the Cherith, and something over two years at Zarephath, for it was "in the third year"—that is, of his stay in the latter place—that he received his second commission to go to Ahab. Go, shew thyself unto Ahab—humanly speaking, a perilous command. The hatred against Elijah had been accumulating all the drought went on, and the king had searched his own and the neighboring kingdoms in vain for him. Had he been discovered, it would have fared ill with him but for God's protection. I will send him upon the earth—subject to conditions which Ahab was willing to accept and which appear elsewhere. There is no evidence that the king had opened his hostility.

It bodes well to any people when God calls His servants out of their corners, and bids them show themselves, as signs that He will "give rain on the earth," however, may the better dispense with the bread of affliction, while our eyes see our teachers. Isa. 30: 20, 21 (Hear).

2. Elijah went—fearless and trustful. A sore famine in Samaria—felt also in Phoenicia, but chiefly in Israel, and caused by the suspension of rain. Such famines are frequent in the East, and attended with great mortality, the dead being carried by thousands in a single district. In those densely-populated countries the people have no means in reserve; the failure of water means the failure of life. Life and water go together in the East.

A. Ahab called Obadiah. His name means "servant of Jehovah," and his royal master could hardly have been entirely ignorant of his real character. The governor of his house—an office corresponding probably with that of lord high chamberlain; a confidential officer, still allied to the king's person, and possibly instituted by him. Obadiah feared the Lord greatly.—The "fear" of the Old Testament was that holy reverence for God and His law which kept a man from sinning; it was the "beginning of wisdom." Obadiah possessed this sentiment of loyalty in a large measure.

It was strange that either he did not reform Ahab, or Ahab corrupt him; but it seems, they were both fixed: he that was filthy would be filthy still, and he that was holy would be holy still. Those that fear God greatly will keep up the fear of Him in bad times and places; thus Obadiah did. God has His remnant among all sorts, high and low; there were saints in Nero's household and in Ahab's (Henry).

4. For it was so—an illustration of his faithfulness. Stanley calls him "the Sebastian of the Jewish Diaspora." When Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord.—The priests and Levites had exiled themselves from Israel, and gone to Jerusalem; but the "people"—not those endowed with prophetic gifts especially, but those members of the prophetic "schools" who expounded the law and taught the people—remained in Israel (see Illustrative). These teachers became the victims of the first religious persecution known in history. "It is extremely probable that this work of extermination was begun as an act of reprisal for the drought denounced by Elijah" (Spence). Took a hundred prophets—significant of the large number of witnesses for God still left in Israel, and of the courage and zeal of Obadiah. Hid them by fifty in a cave—dealing of the hundred into two fifties, perhaps for the sake of greater security, or for the sake of convenience. Limestone caverns are frequent in Palestine. Fed them with bread and water—supplied them with necessary food and drink.

The first beginnings of the persecution are not recorded in the Bible, but the sacred narrative, which must have contained the story, only known to us through subsequent allusions—how the persecutors passed from hill to hill, destroying the many altars which rose, as in the south, so in the north of the Jordan, to the honor of God; how the prophets, who had hitherto held their own in Israel, were hunted down like the chief enemies of the new religion (Stanley).

5, 6. Go... unto all fountains of water, and... brooks.—If verdure was to be found anywhere, it would be in the vicinity of springs and on the margins of brooks. Over all the rest of the land the heavens were as "brass" and the earth beneath as "iron." Grass to save the horses and mules alive—not to be taken as indicating on the part of Ahab only a secondary concern for his family-stricken subjects; but rather naturally used every means for their own preservation; but rather as showing the extremity to which the land was reduced: Fodder must be found for the royal stables, and the poor beasts must perish. They divided the land between them—to save time; the king going in one direction, probably to the south; and Obadiah in the other, probably to the north.

The difference, however, between an Eastern and a European monarch must not be overlooked. None (of the emirs of Arabia or the chiefs of Central Asia) think it beneath them to lead an expedition in search of grass or water (Kittos).

2. Obadiah and Elijah (7-16).

7, 8. As Obadiah was in the way—in the marshy districts not far from Carmel probably, near which Elijah would pass on his way from Zarephath. "Obadiah's meeting Elijah was a divine leading for the strengthening of the one and the proving of the other" (Lange). He knew him—perhaps by his dress, perhaps from having seen him when he first confronted Ahab. Fell on his face—a striking act of spiritual deference. Art thou that my lord Elijah?—an exclamation of extreme astonishment and fear: Is it possible, can it be, that you are here, when the king has sought everywhere for you in vain; you, whom all dread and hate, when Jezebel has vowed her wrath against you? Go, tell thy lord, Behold Elijah is here.

The last two words are supplied by the translators. The message to Ahab was simply, "Behold Elijah."

There is no place for a blessing like the path of duty. He was in the honest search of good things which he was likely to find another good thing. The man who reads the Bible, or goes to church, because he thinks he ought to, may meet in such reading or such church-going the best friend he has; but he who goes to church because he is commanded to, and he who goes to church because he is commanded to, will find in such church-going the worst enemy he has. He who consents to risk his life, or give his money, or spend his time, in generous effort for the good of others, often gains, in consequence thereof, a personal good; but he who goes to church because he is commanded to, and he who goes to church because he is commanded to, will find in such church-going the worst enemy he has. He who consents to risk his life, or give his money, or spend his time, in generous effort for the good of others, often gains, in consequence thereof, a personal good; but he who goes to church because he is commanded to, and he who goes to church because he is commanded to, will find in such church-going the worst enemy he has.

9, 10. What have I done?—Elijah's reputation for abrupt and effectual disappearances was such that Obadiah dared not tell Ahab that he had seen the prophet, lest the king failing to find Elijah should in his disappointment sail the in-fanter. Obadiah asks Elijah what evil he had done, that he should be exposed to such danger, and then proceeds to tell him what risks he had voluntarily undertaken to save the lives of the prophets. No nation or kingdom—that is, no neighboring nation. There were several adjoining petty kingdoms, where Ahab's power was feared, and in which Elijah might have found a refuge; all by surreptitiously obliging the king of Israel by threatening the prophet had been found. There was no nation or kingdom—that is, no neighboring nation. There were several adjoining petty kingdoms, where Ahab's power was feared, and in which Elijah might have found a refuge; all by surreptitiously obliging the king of Israel by threatening the prophet had been found.

11, 12. Thou sayest—Poor Obadiah was in real distress. He could not believe that Elijah would dare to face the wrathful king; and he dreaded to excite Ahab's expectations by carrying the word of the prophet's message, and his subsequent anger when Elijah should be whisked away in some ungodly manner by the "Spirit of the Lord." He felt that Obadiah was afraid that Ahab would kill him for not staying Elijah at night, but this idea does not appear in the narrative. The Spirit of the Lord—all that Ahab carried there whether I know not.—Bahr suggests that some supernatural but unrecorded seizure and removal had already taken place in Ahab's case. I... fear the Lord from my youth—as though he would say, "I ought not to be the victim of the king's resentment for such a cause, seeing that I have been faithful to Jehovah from my youth up."

Sudden transports of a human being from place to place by supernatural agency are recorded in later portions of Scripture (Exod. 3: 12; 14: 19; Acts 8: 39), and are assigned to the action of the Holy Spirit. In 2 Kings 2: 16, a belief in such transports is expressed by the "sons of the prophets" (Hawkinson).

13, 14. Was it not told my lord what I did?—He would not have mentioned his usefulness, heroic act, were it not to convince Elijah that though he was the governor of Ahab's house, he had never renounced his allegiance to Jehovah. The savior of the prophets ought not to have his life sacrificed by a prophet.

Even those who fear the Lord, and walk by faith, are sometimes in the hour of peril overcome by an agony of fear, which bows them down as reeds before a whirlwind. Peter, who first threatened with a sword, became suddenly terror-stricken before a demon. It is good for us to recognize our human weakness, for this knowledge preserves us from over-security, and leads us to pray: Lord, strengthen our faith (Lange).

15, 16. As the Lord of hosts liveth.—Elijah's customary form of asseveration. I will surely show myself... to-day.—This assurance could only have been made by one who was sure of his life. Obadiah feared the Lord greatly.—The "fear" of the Old Testament was that holy reverence for God and His law which kept a man from sinning; it was the "beginning of wisdom." Obadiah possessed this sentiment of loyalty in a large measure.

## 3. Ahab and Elijah (17, 18).

17. When Ahab saw Elijah.—They had met at last, but there was no cringing, no submission, no act of homage even, on the part of the stern Gleadite; nor was he disturbed by the angry look and tones of the incensed king. Art thou he that troublest Israel?—An ominous, threatening question, recalling Joshua's interrogation of Achan (Josh. 7: 1). Ahab would insolently lay the blame of drought and famine, with all the suffering it had caused, upon Elijah. Because he had announced it, he would make him responsible for it.

He had no word to say of his own sin; he forgot the iniquity of the people of the land, in which he had been the leader; he took no note of the hand of Jehovah in the calamity, and spoke as if the whole matter had been a mere personal difference between him and Elijah. He cast the entire blame of it upon the prophet; much as if one suffering under a painful disease should blame the doctor for producing it, because, knowing the habits of the patient, he had predicted that it would come. There is a point at which the mercury in the thermometer is itself frozen, and marks no lower degree of cold; and there is a point in the sinner's career when his moral sense becomes torpid and takes no further note of guilt. Ahab had, I fear, reached that stage in reference to idolatry, and so he charged Elijah with causing that which was the result of his own sin (Taylor).

18. Thou and thy father's house—a retort which changed the king's anger into awe, and aroused his sleeping conscience. Have forsaken... the Lord.—A half-forgotten Baalim.—There is no vagueness about the charge. Ahab's transgression from Jehovah's service, and his preference for the Baals, were set forth in express terms. It was Baal that had caused the trouble in Israel.

This boldness, this high tone, this absence of the slightest indication of alarm, seems to have completely disconcerted Ahab, who ventured on no reply, made no attempt to arrest the prophet, did not even press him to remove his curse and bring the drought to an end, but simply consented to do his bidding. There is no passage of Scripture which exhibits more forcibly the ascendancy that a prophet of the Lord, armed only with his spiritual power, could, if he were firm and brave, exercise even over the most powerful and most unscrupulous of monarchs (Hawkinson).

## IV. Inferential.

1. No fear of personal danger should hinder our doing what God bids.
2. Many a national calamity has resulted from spiritual apostasy.
3. Secret discipline is not tolerated under the gospel dispensation; every Christian is bound to be a witness for his Lord.
4. None the less should we admire fidelity like that of Obadiah—a fidelity that unselfishly risked life itself to save the lives of the persecuted.
5. "Circumstances are no excuse for not serving the Lord faithfully" (Hall).
6. The unexpected is always near.
7. The bravest of men sometimes lose heart, and yield to forebodings.
8. The firmest piety dates from youth.
9. Men are prone to blame others for evils which spring from their own bad conduct.

## V. Illustrative.

1. THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

Suddenly he appears, like Melchizedek, and suddenly he disappears, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." Not unnaturally did the ancient rabbis believe him to be the very Phineas returned to earth, or an angel hovering on the outskirts of the world. Not unnaturally have the Mussulman traditions confounded him with the mysterious being, the Immortal One (El Khudr), the Eternal Wanderer, who appears, ever and anon, to set right the wrongs of earth, and repeat the experience of ages past. Not unnaturally did the medieval alchemists and magicians strive to trace up their dark arts to Elijah the Tishbite, the Father of Alchemy. The other prophets—Moses, Samuel, Elisha, Isaiah—were constantly before the eyes of their countrymen. But Elijah they saw only by partial and momentary glimpses. He belonged to no special place. The very name of his birthplace is disputed. "There was no nation or kingdom to which Ahab had not sent to find him"—"but heh old he found him not." As soon as he was seen, "the breath of the Lord carried him away, whither they knew not." He was as if consumed by fire, and he was as if he had been a flame. "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand," was his habitual expression—a slave constantly waiting to do his Master's bidding. For an instant he was to be seen here and there at spots far apart; sometimes in the ravine of the Cherith in the Jordan valley; now on the mountains of Gilead; now in the desert wilderness of Horeb, in the distant south; then far off on his way to the northern Damascus; then on the top of some lonely height on the way to Ekron; then on the summit of some mountain or some valley; in the desert of the Jordan. He was in his lifetime, what he still is in the traditions of the Eastern Church, the Prophet of the mountains (Stanley).

2. THE PROPHETS OF THE LORD.

These persons called "prophets" would seem to have been the deeply religious class at that time, attracting notice in the nation because of the great prevalence of wickedness, worldliness, and Baal-worship. They were the pious enthusiasts, the zealots, the partisans, or holy men of the day, and were so regarded by the multitude. They were the men who, like Obadiah, "greatly feared Jehovah," and whose souls were filled with the idea of His ineffable holiness, as distinguished from the four worship of Baal and Ashtaroth. In their character, it may be, something of fanaticism, but of a very different kind from that of their enemies, the infamous Jezebel and her idolatrous priests; they practiced perhaps, some degree of asceticism, and wore a peculiar dress, and, on the whole, lived something like a conventual life; hence they were called "the school of the prophets"—"the term carried with it but little of the modern sense, except, perhaps, that in their meetings there may have been the reading and the study of the old Mosaic law (Lewis).

VI. Interrogative.

1. How long did the famine continue?
2. Why did Elijah leave Zarephath, when, and for what?
3. Who was Obadiah?
4. What was his character?
5. What heroic act did he perform?
6. On what quest did he and the king set forth?
7. How did Obadiah behave when he saw Elijah? Why?
8. What did he say?
9. What commission did Elijah give him?
10. What remonstrance did Obadiah make?
11. What ground had he for fear?
12. What assurance did Elijah give him?
13. What sort of treatment might Elijah naturally have expected from Ahab?
14. What did the king say when he met the prophet?
15. What did his question imply?
16. What bold retort did Elijah make?
17. What practical lessons do you derive from this narrative?

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# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1885.

The merry, thoughtless child sporting on the lawn with the downy top of the full-blown dandelion, scatters its horned seed with gleeful laughter, little thinking how much toil it will cost the owner of the grass plot to root out the pests that will spring from the scattered seeds. How like to those little ones are those who in the years of their adolescence rush into evil habits and form vile associations which because of their consequences not only pluck down retribution upon their own foolish and guilty heads, but also bring down the gray hairs of their parents in sorrow to the grave.

In forgiving human sin God does it with a breadth of graciousness which inflicts no wound on the pardoned man's self-respect. "I will forgive their iniquity, I will remember their sin no more," is His promise. Once forgiven, human sin is as if it had not been committed, except in its consequences, which cannot be recalled. It is never to be made occasion of reproach. The forgiven man may curse himself, but his Redeemer will no more condemn them. Hence, says Chaucer H. Townsend,—

"Not as mortals do  
The Saviour doth; He raiseth from the ground  
The crushed one, and restores from every wound  
The self-respect of man. No friend untrue  
Is He, with past offences to make thee sad."

When the prodigal son "came to himself," he found no comfort until he was folded in his father's warm embrace. It is even so with every human soul when it is once brought by reflection to feel the pang of guilt. No philosophical theory, no denials of the inspiration of the Bible, no sentimental communion with nature, no attempt to argue the conscience into silence, will extract the sting of guilt from a divinely wounded soul. Its pain may be deadened by resolute plunges into the excitement of pleasure or business—deadened, but not healed. To be healed it must be dressed with that precious balm which

"Grows  
In that sole garden where  
Christ's brow dropt blood."  
"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son," and that blood only, "cleanseth us from all sin." Go, then, O guilty soul, wash in that precious blood and be healed of all thy pains!

## HOLINESS A PERSONAL STUDY.

Our English Wesleyan exchanges give an interesting account of a convention called in Southport, by the superintendent of the circuit, with a consideration of the subject of Scriptural holiness. A tent was erected capable of seating fifteen hundred. In the evenings, often, the tent was uncomfortably crowded. The public services commenced on the Sabbath, and continued through the succeeding Friday. Several well-known Wesleyan preachers assisted during the sessions of the convention, among them two of the connectional evangelists. The meetings were conducted with great decorum, and were attended with manifest and large spiritual results.

With us a national organization has taken the subject in hand, established permanent headquarters, with a publishing house, periodicals, tracts and books. It annually arranges a series of grove services in different portions of the land. These are largely attended, are addressed by able speakers—ministers, laymen and devout women—and are often seasons of peculiar spiritual interest and power. All these extraordinary means, however, seem to make but comparatively a small impression upon the body of the church. The attendants upon these services are largely drawn from other denominations, and in some portions of the country strong and persistent efforts have been made to organize the movement into a separate church.

Such men, however, as the late John Inskip, who loved and believed in his denomination, and Rev. Wm. McDonald and Bishop Taylor, have prevented the formation of a new ecclesiastical organization, and found ample liberty and opportunity within the limits of their chosen ecclesiastical body. But the sad fact is, that a large proportion of the direct instruction in reference to a believer's high and rich privilege in the Gospel is left to this organization and its special services. For reasons that are obvious, prejudices have been excited against terms which have always been familiar in our Methodist history, and also, against the hallowed and inspiring state of Christian experience and consecration of which they are the symbols. Every year, at the sessions of our Conferences, this state of grace is considered in the addresses of our Bishops, and is urged as a personal experience, and a subject of pastoral endeavor to secure its spread, upon our young ministers. In later days, on these occasions, they are exhorted to be individually leaders in the work of preaching Scriptural holiness, and not to relegate this work to special evangelists.

But what is the result? Outside of those who have made this their professional work, how many discourses are preached upon the subject, and how much effort is put forth to circulate Mr. Wesley's admirable tract upon the doctrine and the rich biographical and illustrative literature which has been collected from Methodist pens? How few really instructive and experimental discourses upon this victory of faith do we hear! In former days thoughtful disciples bearing other Christian names came to our public services, not so much to listen to doctrinal defenses of our views upon the witness of the Spirit and the possibility of loving God with all the heart and living a consecrated life, but to learn the steps to be taken to reach this "land of Beulah," the nature of its experience and tests, and how to carry this heavenly life into the practical cares of the family and the temptations of an active business. Where shall they go among us now to secure from the teachings of the pulpit answers to such heart-longings as these?

Christ is not necessarily in the wilderness. For all persons the exciting scenes of a crowded service in the groves do not afford the best opportunity to apprehend and apply the full force of the Gospel to our spiritual needs. These means almost entirely fail of their highest results unless coupled with thoughtful study and persistent consecration to the Master's service. The emotional nature may be powerfully moved only to be followed by a painful reaction, and this exalted and sanctified condition of the sensibilities may be readily mistaken for the consummate work of redemption, and be constantly sought in excited services as an end rather than a possible and simple incident attending the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit. What is needed is an earnest and careful study of this subject. It is to be entered upon as one of paramount importance for the real success of our ministry; particularly is this the very primal business of the pastor, as so many other religious lives are to be affected by his. Every other study, whether directly or indirectly affecting our pulpit service, is secondary to this. The perpetuity of Christian life and activity in the church depends upon her entire consecration to the Master and the fulfillment of the promised work of the Comforter in the hearts of her membership. How can the church be inspired to seek after this? Not by lashing and scolding, not by excluding members from her pale, not by discouraging and depressing philippics, not by sending them all, without hesitation or evidence of particular sorrow, to the divine retributions, but by patiently, kindly, wisely, in the use of varied means, without monotonously harping upon one line of thought, setting forth the nature of the Gospel in all its comprehension, its simple but positive requisitions, and its divine tests of character and attainment.

All Christian people we have the least excuse for lack of intelligent views upon this sublime theme. Our literature on this subject is simply voluminous, and as rich as it is multiform. If one will deliberately set himself to know all that Christ claims at his hand, and all Christ has promised to do for him, he need not go to any evangelical Mecca or Jerusalem to find the holy "grail." The late Mrs. Dr. Upham, of Brunswick, took the Bible, especially the New Testament and the prophecy of Isaiah, and copied every promise with its appended condition, and then sought to place herself in the condition and to grasp the promise. Such a study, and such a personal application of the divine Word, could have but one

result. It proved, as it always will, "the power of God unto salvation." But our shelves are crowded with the lives of holy men and women, and with clearly written expositions of this divinely constructed highway of holiness. If a sincere seeker after God will thoughtfully take the hand of these human guides, while he has the heavenly chart under his eyes, he will surely be led into the land of "corn and wine" as a source of emotional enjoyment, and, what is better, he will reach that blessed condition of spiritual victory where service and sacrifice will be no longer simply a duty, but a delight; for the love of Christ will constrain him, and it will be "more than meat or drink" to serve Him.

## THE GODLESS SPIRIT IN FRANCE.

The apotheosis and burial of Victor Hugo has unveiled a spirit of godlessness in France that is little less than appalling. The enthusiasm exhibited over his remains was no proof of enthusiasm over his literary creations, which are unknown to the masses; these latter worshipped Hugo as a man of the people because of his love and sympathy for them.

The great demonstration was popular and revolutionary; it was a protest against Caesarism, and largely against religion, notwithstanding the final words of Hugo, "I believe in God!" The poet's last utterances rejected the offices of the church and dealt in a mysticism, and in these he expressed the sentiments of a great multitude. France has broken away from the official church, largely, perhaps, because she knows of Christianity only through the Romish Church, and the people hover in doubt and uncertainty, as did Hugo, wavering from pantheism to deism, and more than ready to worship the man instead of the God.

The boundless enthusiasm of the hour will soon subside, and the masses will look for other gods. And who will step into the path of Victor Hugo? More than likely such authors as Zola and Bourget, whose works are even now devoured by those who do homage to realism and materialism, and who worship the flesh and the anti-Christian spirit of the epoch.

The act of consecration of the famous Church of St. Genevieve and its transformation into a Pantheon, was a scene of wild revolutionary revel by the masses outside. The revolutionists gathered in force in order to pull down the cross from its summit, and conflicts took place between them and the loyal defenders of the sacred edifice. The scenes that occurred around the coffin of Hugo on the catafalque under the Arch of Triumph are described as having been scandalous in the extreme. Drinking booths were erected in the immediate neighborhood, and there were music, singing and dancing also near by. The minister of public instruction declared Hugo to be the sublime personification of this century. The president of the Chambers asserted that the celebration was an apotheosis of the dead poet, while the president of the Senate saw in the funeral ceremonies a mighty influence on the nation.

But it will never be forgotten that the remains of Hugo now lie beside the empty coffins of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose contents were virtually cast into the sewers. This fact leads one to ask how soon the reaction will come again, for such violence must sooner or later reap its own reward. The thoughtful men of France are loud in their complaints of the increasing license and immorality of the day. No reputation is now safe from the most licentious attacks. A few weeks ago all Paris was astounded at the appearance of handbills containing the life-size bust of Pius the Ninth, and announcing the secret amours of this prelate, with the portraits of his favorites. These were posted at the entrance of the schools, so that the thousands of children could read them and be poisoned by them.

Now all this moral corruption can only be cured through religious influence and teaching; but religion of every hue is now banished from the schools of France, and the religious world of every shade of faith is looking to the future with fear and trembling. For this reason the question of separation from the State is occupying the attention of both the Catholic and the Protestant authorities. They have no guaranty from the State that it will protect them from violence in their most intimate relations in the near future, and therefore so prominent an official as Archbishop Guibert of Bordeaux recently discussed the question largely in a late pastoral letter. He freely confesses that such a separation with protection as exists in the United States would not alarm him. Indeed, he would welcome it, were he not fearful of still more bitter persecutions, and perhaps annihilation.

In a land like France, where for centuries religion and statecraft have gone hand in hand, it would be difficult for the church to require the liberty of setting up a hierarchy independent of the State, to build its own churches and retreats for its priests, to establish its own benevolent and educational institutions, to gather its own funds and have its own peculiar festivals. Whether the government were monarchical or republican, the temptation to interfere would be very great. And this would be especially so at present when all such demonstrations have been made regarding Victor Hugo are aimed at all religion and largely at morality itself. It seems to us that France is approaching a future full of dangers for the nation and for true liberty and religion, and we wonder not at the sorrows of its truly righteous men.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Rev. J. Ker, D. D., who will be readily called to mind as the eloquent Irish minister representative of the Conference some three years since, who with two of his brethren made collections in our churches in aid of the work in Ireland, has a very interesting "open letter" in the *Irish Christian Advocate* of July 3, addressed to his friends in America. He relates, in a characteristic and happy manner, the incidents of the late Irish Wesleyan Conference, and refers to the general prosperity which has attended the evangelistic work of the past year. He pays a high compliment to Dr. Evans, the editor of the paper, whose honorary title has lately reached him from this country. Dr. Ker says of Dr. Evans that he "knows as much divinity as is good for any mortal, and is in every way suited to honor the distinction placed upon him." Dr. Ker hints that there are other equally deserving marks for the shining arrows of our American colleague quivers. As he has already been struck himself, his suggestion is dismissed. The Doctor's complimentary testimony to the happy and favorable results attending the union of the two divisions of Methodism in Ireland. They work together without the slightest friction, and to the largest success of the common cause in which they are engaged.

We notice with regret the resignation from the board of the Ohio High School of Education of Col. Homer B. Sprague, one of the most accomplished and successful of our higher public school principals. He apparently resigns his place to accept a more lucrative one in California; but we fear that the real occasion of his somewhat abrupt surrender of his important and delicate chair, is the uncertain tenure of the teacher's position in our public schools—these educated men and women being subjected to an annual election. If a faithful master awakens the prejudice of a few members of the school committee, his place can be made very uncomfortable. Col. Sprague sought to secure the execution of the law of the State forbidding drinking saloons within a certain distance of the school buildings. This awakened the ire of the liquor-sellers. He has also publicly defied the influence of a master to exercise who ever influence he may have in the community in securing efficient and honest officers in the government. The result of his many courses is an ineffectual attempt to embarrass his re-election this year. In our city government the whiskey interest threatens every department. It has now become well-nigh impossible to secure a jury that will honestly try a whiskey case in the city. A little further strain upon the long-suffering patience of God-fearing temperance men may occasion what cannot come too soon—a moral revolution.

We read with sincere sorrow, among the Monday morning telegrams, of the death in Manchester, Vt., where he was enjoying a short respite from his weekly duties, of Rev. Dr. S. Freeman Prime, the senior editor of the *New York Observer*. His sudden sickness was announced on Saturday, and his fatal termination soon followed. Dr. Prime was 73 years of age, but was enjoying the unabated vigor of his intellectual powers. The pen of no contributor to the religious press will be more sadly missed than that of the deceased. The first article to which we always turn when we open the *Observer*, is in the delightful reminiscent column filled for so many years by the charming writer whose familiar signature of *Ireneus* is so readily recognized. Dr. Prime was a precocious scholar in his youth, graduating from Williams College at the age of eighteen. He studied at Princeton Seminary, and preached as a Presbyterian minister for a few years, but soon found his providential place in the editorial chair of one of the oldest of the religious sheets published in the country. This was in 1840, and for forty-five years, with an interval or two of foreign travel, when his letters from abroad have been an ample compensation for the absence of his usual home letters, he has been "known and read" of thousands throughout this country and in Europe. He has, also, been a conspicuous figure in the public services and organizations of the Presbyterian Church, and in the city of New York as a noble-spirited citizen, giving his presence and aid to all the great moral movements of the day. "Servant of God, well done!" He rests from his labors, but the influence of his grateful and active life will long abide with his colleagues in the editorial corps of the paper and with his bereaved family.

In the forthcoming issue of the *Manual*, Dr. Kynett makes an impressive appeal both for an Emergency Fund and for prompt and generous contributions to the treasury of the Church Extension Society. Within a few years several occasions have occurred when, by some serious casualty, a number of church edifices have been destroyed, and the worshippers in them rendered quite unable to rebuild them. This was the case in the fall of 1881, when the awful forest fires swept over northern Michigan. In 1883 a cyclone and flood swept away every vestige of the church that had been erected at Leadwood, and now the anxious secretary is receiving painful letters to read from Nebraska and northwestern Iowa. They come from the tract of the awful tempest of Sunday night, June 14. At Mount Hope, the church, nearly ready for dedication, was utterly demolished. The building of the edifice—a neat and commodious one—had exhausted the resources of the church; they were willing to mortgage their coming crops, but need immediate aid to assist in re-erecting the fallen structure. At Ponca, Nebraska, their brick church, with the homes of many of the members, was made a mass of ruins. They were insured against fire and lightning, but not against wind. Not to rebuild would be the death of the society, but what could they do without aid? At Marcus, Iowa, the church was made a shapeless wreck on Sunday night, the 14th, after the

delightful services of the Children's Day. Their appeal for aid through their pastor, Rev. L. C. Woodford, is pathetic in the extreme. And, finally, at Eagle Grove, Iowa, the church built there three years since, and lately enlarged and beautified, only reopened the last Sabbath in May, was blown to the ground. The pastor's plea, in this case, is even more pitiful than in the others, and is followed up by the presiding elder, who says three churches in the Northwest Iowa Conference had been totally destroyed and others badly damaged. The members have also suffered in their own property. These appeals certainly justify the secretary in calling for the Emergency Fund, and in his plea for a prompt and generous collection this year from all our churches for the Church Extension Society, to enable the officers to meet the extraordinary demands which are made upon them.

## Personal and Miscellaneous.

Secretary McCabe writes, in a personal note, in a very hopeful spirit, in reference to the prospect of raising the proposed million of dollars for missions within the year, reckoning from Jan. 1, 1885, to Jan. 1, 1886. He is calling now for 10,000 ten-dollar subscriptions for the last \$1,000,000.

"A Grand Centennial Gospel Temperance Camp-meeting" will be held on the site of old Fort Ticonderoga, Aug. 12-20. The leading speakers of both sexes, on the great question of the hour, are to be present. Special fares will be secured on the railroads and boats during the sessions of the meeting.

The *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for July contains the annual report of the foreign work of the denomination. It is full of encouragement and inspiration. The one mission among the Telegus, India, offers an overwhelming answer to the assertions of the enemies to revealed religion as to the small results attending mission work among the Orientals.

Secretary Eaton, of the Bureau of Education, Washington, has issued, in a pamphlet of two hundred pages, a very valuable and suggestive report upon "Teachers' Institutes"—the history of their origin, their object, their programmes of exercises in various States, with illustrations of the addresses delivered at the institutes. The pamphlet is a very useful and suggestive document for school supervisors and teachers.

The annual of the De Paux University, with its striking cover and many pages, gives abundant evidence of growth and prosperity. Bishop Bowman heads its University faculty, but Dr. Alexander Martin is, as heretofore, its indefatigable and able president. Under the abundant generosity of its noble patron, its buildings, in various departments, are rapidly increasing, and its educational facilities are enriching constantly. In addition to the college of the Liberal Arts, it has schools of theology, law, music, military tactics, art and horticulture, with a preparatory department. In all its schools, last year, it had 680 students—258 in the college proper. The institution is situated at Greencastle, Ind.

Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D., a leading member of the Cincinnati Conference, whose name has become familiar to our readers by his correspondence in the columns, has been nominated as a candidate for Governor of the State by the political prohibitionists. Temperance men, and laymen and ministers of our church, differ with him in judgment as to his course, but no one that knows him can fail to respect his sincerity and the courage of his convictions. His official board in Springfield, Ohio, where he is an esteemed pastor, in view of derogatory statements made in public prints, passed the following resolution:—"In view of the contradictory reports now being circulated as to the relations existing between Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D., and the official board of Central M. E. Church, we deem it right and proper to say, that the political opinions of Dr. Leonard are not now, nor have they ever been, a subject for official consideration. The right of the right of pastors as well as people to control their own political opinions. That whatever may be our individual opinions concerning the propriety of Dr. Leonard's accepting the nomination as a candidate for governor on the Prohibition ticket, he has our profoundest regards and most perfect confidence as a minister and a pastor, and we do now repeat the request made by our last quarterly conference requesting his return to us for another year."

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The Sunday-school Assembly at Framingham is in full tide of successful experiment. A good permanent body of Bible students is in attendance, with a large company of occasional visitors attending the varied public exercises and lectures. It is a delightful scene of hill and lake-side beauty, and a very profitable and grateful opportunity for unexcused but valuable normal study and drilling in the sacred Scriptures and modes of instruction. This week the audiences will be sure to be large.

The debt-paying revival is in lively progress with us, even if a special spiritual reformation is manifest. The great struggle to relieve the church at South Boston has reached such a state as to render all the subscriptions valid, and the hard-working pastor has already commenced the labor of collection. Churches with smaller debts, but scarcely less burdensome, are moving earnestly in the same direction. The editor conducted the public services, last Sabbath, in Wakefield, Mass., to permit Pastor Martin to present his cause in several of the churches of the district. The debt is but \$6,000, but it is a great embarrassment on account of the limited means of the membership. There is a good prospect now that it will soon be wiped out. The church edifice itself is a remarkably attractive one, with fine vestries, a good organ, and a very inviting and commodious audience-room. The church is admirably situated upon a favorable street. The Sunday-school is large and interesting, and a good audience waits upon the well-appreciated ministry of Bro. Martin. We hope the Sabbath service was as grateful to the hearers as the visit was pleasant to the editor.

The August issue of the *Magazine of Art* is an attractive number. "The New Song of Spring Gardens," in color, forms a unique and beautiful frontispiece. The other illustrations, with text, are: "The Older London Churches," "On the Apian Way," "Old Herbals, German and Italian," "The Dart," "Tones to Buckfastleigh," "A Cry from the Deep," "Glass Painting," "Modern Medallions," "Current Art," with the usual chapter of European and American art notes. Cassell & Co., London and New York.

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Even if the figures are all entered correctly, such an extended line of figures is too much for mortal patience.

The Home Missionary Society has probably been at fault in not heralding its cause more loudly. A considerable part of the territory of the Maine Conference is missionary ground. The feeble charges must receive aid, or our cause will suffer serious loss. By withholding needed help from our remote rural charges, we shall dry up the sources from which our flourishing city charges are constantly receiving accessions.

S. ALLEN,  
President of Me. Conf. Home Miss. Soc.

## The Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

South Boston, Broadway.—The conditions of the subscription to the debt of the Broadway M. E. Church are now fully met. Subscribers are requested to remit to Rev. G. A. Crawford, 72 G St., South Boston, or to pay to Bro. Magee.

Watertown.—We have the usual excellent reports concerning the pastorate of Dr. Trombly at Watertown. The good people gave the Doctor a very hearty reception last spring, which was only an earnest of what they have been doing to the present day. Children's Day was duly observed by a sermon by the pastor and the baptism of five children, and an excellent concert in the evening. A good collection was taken for the cause of education. At their strawberry festival, held on the 17th of June, the ladies were greatly encouraged by the large attendance, and netted over \$130 for the society. A good degree of religious interest prevails, and regular monthly missionary meetings are held. A very beautiful baptismal font of marble was presented to the church by Mr. Frederick Whitney as a memorial of his sister, Mrs. Brownell. Rev. W. T. Worth, of Boston Highlands, delivered a dedicatory address on the occasion of its presentation to the church, after which two children were baptized. Mr. Whitney has also placed in the church a chancel rail of elegant workmanship and several pews of a new pattern.

Southbridge.—Rev. W. J. Pomfret, pastor, preached an interesting sermon on Children's Day on "Childhood and its Lessons." The Sunday-school gave an excellent concert in the evening. Two infants were baptized, and two persons received into full membership. Rev. M. E. Pomfret, of Mansfield, Ill., brother of the pastor, sailed from Boston on the Cunard steamer "Pavonia" on Saturday last. He is to visit the scenes of his childhood after an absence of forty years.

Cherry Valley.—The church is rejoicing over a new organ recently placed in the church through the energy and love of the young people's society. Children's Day was grandly observed.

East Dedham.—The people were much pleased by a visit from their late presiding elder, now Bishop Malbone, who preached for them June 14, and baptized two adults and three children. One of the latter being a daughter of the pastor. Children's Day was observed by appropriate sermon and concert. At the concert interesting remarks were made by Mr. Bigelow, a Congregational superintendent, and Mr. Sanger, of the Baptist Sunday-school.

Sterling Camp-ground.—Some fifty families are located on the ground. A number of new and beautiful cottages have been built this season, and others enlarged and beautified. These grounds are elevated and healthful, and furnish a most delightful place in which to turn aside awhile for rest and recuperation. There is a fine view of Mt. Wachusett, and is near Lake Wachusett, a great pleasure resort of Worcester people. The best of board can be obtained at low rates, and accommodations for lodgings in the cottages.

Worcester, Webster Square.—This church is enjoying great prosperity. Congregations are large and the Sunday-school touching the highest point ever reached in its history. On last Sunday every dollar needed for the expenses of the church was pledged in the weekly offering system. The church and pastor are in a very hopeful condition.

Meriden St., East Boston, gave a very pleasant reception to Mrs. President Fuller, of the National Woman's Relief Corps. At the recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Portland, Me., Mrs. Fuller was unanimously elected president of the N. W. R. Corps. She is a member of the Meriden St. M. E. Bethel Church, of which Rev. L. B. Bates is pastor. She is a woman worthy of the position. All who meet her know her to be an earnest and devout Christian lady.

East Douglas.—The church is soon to be supplied with a new organ from the factory of Stephens & Co., East Cambridge. Money enough is subscribed to pay for it.

Milford.—The funeral of Dr. Charles Young was held in the Methodist church, July 14. The deceased was a son of Rev. Charles Young, of the N. E. Conference. The services were conducted by Rev. Fayette Nichols, Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Milford, and Rev. Dr. Sherman, of Holliston. New Era Lodge of Good Templars attended in a body, and presented an elegant floral pillow. The Sunday-school class of the deceased also presented a pillow. The church was densely crowded, as the Doctor was very highly esteemed in the society.

Uzbridge.—A rousing union temperance meeting was held in the M. E. Church here a week ago; the pastor, Bro. Rodgers, and Mr. F. S. Weeks, of Woonsocket, being the speakers.

Everett.—On Monday evening, May 25, a large number of the relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Chandler gathered at their residence on Ferry St., to celebrate with them the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage. After a few hours of social intercourse, the company was called to order, and the pastor of the Everett church presented







## The Family.

GENERAL GRANT.

BY MARK TRAYTON.

[When Gen. Grant, in his tour around the world, reached Jerusalem, his friends proposed to give him a grand feast. "No," said the hero, "no ovation to me in the place where my Saviour was crucified."]

Speak not to me of banquets, of rich viands and red wine,  
In this old sacred city where was slain the Son divine;  
No homage to me proffer — to me a sinful man —  
On soil his blood once reddened to complete the wondrous plan.

Oh, what is human prowess on fields of mortal strife,  
Or what the cause demanding but the gift of human life?  
The conflicts of the ages are overshadowed by that hour  
When here the glorious Son of God broke Death the tyrant's power.

I fought a score of battles midst sulphurous clouds and flame,  
Where death-shots smote the air as smites the tempest's sleet and rain,  
But never such a conflict has the sun e'er blushed to see,  
As that on yonder hill-top which my Saviour fought for me.

"A name?" Ah, yes, I know, I've heard the ringing, wild "huzzas,"  
When out from blinding battle clouds emerged the stripes and stars;  
But here I see another crowd — I see the victim pale,  
The brutal cry, "Away with him!" borne on the evening gale.

I've seen the ferried columns pressing up the rocky height,  
On through the volleying thunder's roar and death hail's thickest night;  
'Twas not a time for weeping, nor of life's lavish loss —  
Now on yon hill I see him faint and sink beneath his cross.

I heard the shout of millions in triumph on that day  
When the last death-bell had echoed, and the war-clouds rolled away;  
My heart that trembled never, now fails before that cry —  
"It is finished!" and my Saviour there bows his head to die!

Not, then, to me, a sinner, to be saved, I saved, by grace,  
Be name, or fame, or honors accorded in this place;  
No earthly name be honored on soil which He once trod,  
That Name alone be uttered — the suffering Son of God!

O sufferer in this death-grip, all eyes to thee still turn,  
As sentries round life's watchfires, which still so dimly burn;  
The Angel of His presence thy reinforcement be;  
Triumph be thine, snatched from defeat, thy last cry, Victory!

## REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. N. D. GORROR.

CASTINE, ME.  
[Continued.]

After Mr. Munger went to Castine, I visited the place on a temperance occasion, and met a man on the street, well dressed, and gentlemanly in his bearing, who addressed me as the man who gave the lectures on Universalism in the place, and said if I could spare the time, he would like a conversation with me, inviting me to his counting-room. I assented to his proposal, but on my way thither thought he might desire to discuss doctrinal points, for I had some times met such men. This man was Mr. John H. Jarvis, a man of wealth, and had been one of the ablest supporters of Universalism in the place. In conversation I soon found that it needed no argument of mine to convince him of the falsity of Universalism, or of its baneful influence. Of these he was fully aware. He desired the interview to be strictly confidential, to which I assented, and it so remained till nearly two years after, when I met him at a camp-meeting, where he gave a noble testimony for Christ, and there in a conversation with him he told the story whenever I thought good could be done by it. At the interview in his counting-room he told me much about himself and family, and among other things was this: He always believed in the being of God, and in his early manhood, though he made no pretensions to religion, yet at times he offered prayer to God. But hearing a sermon from a Universalist minister on prayer, he came to the conclusion that it was folly for him to practice it, and gave it up. What kind of a gospel must that be which, when preached, influences men to give up prayer? He now saw most clearly the delusion under which he had been, and expressed deep regret for the course he had pursued and the influence he had so long exerted upon those around him, but especially those of his own family, and with much emotion he inquired, "What shall I do?" Some of my own experience, getting out of the snare of Universalism was given, and it was urged upon him, as a duty he owed to God, to himself, to his family and the community in which he had lived so long, that he should go into Mr. Munger's prayer-meeting, and make a statement of some of the same facts in public that he had given to me in private; that as he had been an open advocate and supporter of Universalism, and being convinced of its wrong course, he ought to renounce it as publicly. This I told him was doubtless the cross that he must take up if he would be a Christian. This he thought could never do. But it was urged by the consideration that the Lord would aid if he made the effort. Prayer was proposed, and I shall never forget how quickly he fell upon his knees while his case was presented to Him who is strong to deliver and mighty to save.

The religious condition of Mr. Jarvis at this time is aptly described by the apostle in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. He was not now a careless sinner, but an awakened one; not yet a Christian, but was earnestly crying out, "Who shall deliver me?" He had not yet come into that Christian life and experience so beautifully portrayed by the apostle in the first part of the eighth of Romans. I could not feel, however, that he was not far from the kingdom. I left and returned to my field of labor in Bucksport, and but a few weeks elapsed before the joyful tidings came from Castine that a glorious revival was in progress there, and that the Jarvis family, consisting of himself and wife, and I think two daughters and two sons, were all interested in it, and that the work was spreading. Mr. Munger at this time was not ordained, and as he had candidates, he sent down an exchange with me, so that I might baptize them; and, as may be conceived, it was with no small degree of pleasure that I stood in that Universalist pulpit and proclaimed, as well as I could, the good old Methodist doctrine of conditional salvation to a house well filled with attentive hearers, and then baptize twelve or fifteen candidates (the number not exactly remembered), a part of whom had been Universalists. Among the converts of the revival there were thirty heads of families. Up behind the pulpit was this, in large capitals: "Have we not all one Father?" In quoting this I failed not to use the words of God by the same prophet: "If I be a father, where is mine honor?" I did not fail to apprise them of the danger of trusting merely in the Divine paternity for salvation, and showed from the Word of God that there are two kinds of children — the children of God, and the children of the devil, and that it was only by renouncing the devil, leaving his family, repenting and believing in Christ, that adoption into God's family and heirship to the inheritance of heaven could be secured. The reader will not be surprised when it is said that I enjoyed some liberty in speaking, the occasion and place furnishing me not a little inspiration.

There was certainly at that time a great revolution in the Jarvis family. The centre table was furnished with Universalist books. These were set aside, to give place to those of an evangelical type, mostly from the Methodist Book Depository in Boston. Mr. Munger had some presented him, and I found among the thirty volumes of Universalist books in my library two from the same source. How many of the family continued to adorn the Christian profession I have not the means of knowing, but that the father exemplified Christianity in his life to the day of his death, is admitted by all who knew him. He loved the church and especially her ministers, by whose labors he had been saved. He paid largely toward a Methodist church in Castine, gave the society a parsonage, and left by his will an annuity for Methodist preaching. No doubt he would have done other noble things had his life been spared, but while at Boston on business he died suddenly, being doubtless well furnished for the world to come.

Methodism was now firmly established in Castine. The pastorate of Mr. Munger was a success, and he was followed by other efficient ministers, who, under God, carried forward the work after he left. It was during the successful pastorate of Rev. David Higgins that the church was built in 1846, and dedicated free of debt. It has recently been modernized, is a fine church, edifice with a bell, roomy vestries, etc. I learn, too, that there has, by our itinerant system, been a constant supply of pastors from the time Mr. Munger was stationed to the present — a period of forty-two years! But how has it been with Universalism during these years? Has there been a realization of the fears of the timid Congregational minister, namely, that Universalism would be made stronger by the lectures? Or has Universalism been made stronger, as some of its votaries declared when they heard the lectures? What of the aspect of Universalism during the forty-four years since the lectures? The pastorate of Mr. Abel closed in a short time after, the church edifice was closed for one year, then offered to the Methodists and occupied by them one year, and I learn from a reliable source that during all the years from that to the present the Universalists never had a settled preacher since Mr. Abel. They had one for a few months, but he could not be called a settled preacher. He was never installed. We see, then, that during forty-four years only a few months of that time has there been a Universalist minister in Castine; and I learn, also, that their church is now occupied by another denomination. Mr. Abel became a Methodist, and was introduced to me as such a few years since by Dr. Dorchester, but whether he was ever authorized to preach among us, and where he is and what he is now, I have not the means of knowing. In view of these facts, it must be conceded, I think, that I was not very skillful in manufacturing a strengthening plaster for Universalism in Castine.

In April, 1840, the Washingtonian movement commenced in Baltimore, and by the following winter it had spread extensively in our country. Lecturers arose as if by magic to tell the story of their sufferings and that of others by temperance, advocating only moral means for the reformation of drunkards, and thus the phrase "moral suasion" obtained. They had success with drunkards, but little could be done with the retailers of liquor, for they were so in love with money, procured so easily by little labor and with small capital, that they could not be loved out of the business. Soon many of the most able among the Washingtonian lecturers saw this, and changed their mode of proceeding, arguing moral suasion for the drunkard and legal suasion for the retailer. Rum was in Castine, and there being those who were laboring in the cause of temperance, I was sent for in the spring of 1841 to come and favor them with a lecture. In compliance I held forth the doctrine that the man who, in that day of light, opened a grog-shop, should be

treated as a criminal, and that the State ought to make a law to punish by fine and imprisonment such a man, as in the case of other criminals. This thought was not new or peculiar to me. I had long entertained this view of the subject, and presented it in many places where I had lectured, and had heard it frequently advanced by other temperance workers, especially clergymen — and none were more efficient in temperance work than the Methodist clergymen of Maine. By this the way was prepared for the enactment of the Maine Law so-called. Mr. Neal Dow has the honor, and rightfully so, of being called the father of the Maine Law, for it was he, who, after the way was prepared (and he had much to do with preparing it), had the courage to take hold of the work, and by his most persistent and arduous labors to push matters till the law was on the statute book. Honor to Neal Dow, and let no man attempt to take his crown!

At the lecture in Castine there was a man present, of the demagogue type, who, it was said, was aspiring to a seat in the State Legislature, and being anxious to secure the votes of all, had adopted the doctrine of exclusive moral suasion. By this he could talk temperance with temperance people, and at the same time have a good understanding with the rum party, who are great admirers of moral suasion. Whether or not he succeeded in getting to the Legislature, I never learned. It is a difficult task to ride two horses at the same time, especially if they are going in opposite directions. This man was not well pleased with my law doctrine, and assuming a somewhat pious attitude, said he would remind the gentleman that our Saviour when on earth never resorted to civil law for redress, but His means for correction were all moral. Not hard words or law, but love and kindness, were to conquer the world. He said that there were some very good people who dealt in liquor, and we must remember that all of us have our failings; and with such like words did he treat the subject. A reply was, that severity is an attitude of love, as in the case of the Saviour who said to the wicked of His time, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" He found wicked speculators in the temple, "and when He had made a scourge of small cords He drove them out." This address and action induced rather severe moral suasion. Yet the loving Saviour was its author. But let us look at the argument. The Saviour never resorted to civil law for redress, therefore we should not do it; to stop rum-selling. But if this is sound, does not lie with all its force against a resort to civil law in any case? A man murders my wife and burns my house, but I must not pursue him with civil law; and why? Because the Saviour never sought redress by civil law. But if we may not use civil law, we need no such law, and of course we need no law-makers; and if this be so, what will become of politicians who are seeking office? "Othello's occupation's gone." The man was heard to say afterward that he did not think Mr. George had a Christian spirit.

After Mr. Munger became pastor, I was called again to Castine on a temperance occasion, and friends there presented me with a cane. It was pleasant to receive it as a token of their appreciation of services rendered. It has been used but little. A sprained ankle called it into service a couple of weeks. Three weeks, probably, would cover the whole time I have leaned upon a staff. Some young men develop fast and seem to need a cane at twenty. It may be carried religiously, as the apostle has said, "Beware of dogs." But I have seldom needed rather slowly, having seldom needed a cane. If lame, I should have myself of its help; but if not, I am too young to use a cane, being not quite seventy-seven. The article in my possession is not a gold-headed one costing thirty or forty dollars. Gold was not so plenty forty years ago as now. A piece of gold coin was seldom seen by the common people. The mines of California were unknown then. Fortunately for me, the staff had not a heavy gold head, for it would have required much care, as rogues might have been tempted to steal it. The one presented is quite a pretty thing, neatly finished with an ivory head, and was, I think, made by Mr. Munger's wife's father. It is highly valued as a memento. As I see it quietly standing in the hall behind the door, I am often reminded of scenes enacted in Castine and also of kind friends, the most of whom have passed on before. Of the little class I found there of eight or ten, I learn that one survives. That one is a Brother Clarke, of whom I have a remembrance. Bro. Clarke, I shake hands with you in my heart. We are much nearer our destination now than when we last met. We are now in the land of the dying, but the Christian passes through death to the land of the living. "Shall we meet beyond the river?"

## OUR FATHER KNOWS.

BY REV. E. M. PALMER.

There is much in our lives that is perplexing, confounding, stunning. There are events in all lives that "try men's souls." The Lord's people are a tried people — tested, proven. To be tried there must be a strain brought to bear on our faith, patience, meekness, love. And who will say that the multitudinous and variable circumstances of this present life are not most admirably calculated to do this very thing? Indeed, they try and test us so thoroughly that we are sometimes ready to faint and say, "Oh, how and why can these things be?" Others, perhaps, looking on, can see the suitability of the sifting process, but we in the furnace suffer, and moan, and shudder, and shrink. Happy, then, are we if even with a mighty effort we can cast our burden on the Lord, and reverently say, "Our Father knows." It is far better to do so than to question too much the why and wherefore. If He take us in His arms, as He surely will, and "comforts us as one is comforted of his mother," we can cheerfully lay all questioning aside, even if like a grieving child we sob ourselves to sleep.

How much our lives are lived for others, we shall never know in this world. When Jacob wrestled and agonized all night for deliverance from impending calamity, and a closer walk and communion with God, did it once occur to him that he was inspiring thousands and millions to become like him "princes, and have power with God and man and prevail?" "No man liveth to himself." Job's sufferings and afflictions were doubtless too overwhelming for it once to enter his mind that he was to become a most illustrious example of "suffering affliction and of patience" to all coming time, and that the children of God could not do without the wonderfully patient endurance of the man of Uz.

So we might go on and speak of all the ancient and modern worthies, whose lives were lived largely for coming generations. And are not our more humble lives for those around us? While we work out our own salvation, if faithfully doing so, we are certainly cultivating God's vineyard and training others. Our Father knows, then, why and for what our strange fiery trials are so mysteriously prolonged. Others are looking at us. While we faint almost, and scarcely continue to pursue, others may be admiring our fortitude and girding their loins by our example.

## JACOB'S SERMON.

"Had a good sermon Jacob?" my wife asked me last night, when I came home from church. "Complete, Rachel," said I. "Richel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people." "Good singing, Jacob?" "I'm sure I couldn't tell you." "Many people out to-day?" "I don't know." "Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What were you thinking about?" "The sermon." "What was the text?" "I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it." "I declare, Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time." "Indeed I didn't. I never was so wide awake." "What was the subject, then?" "As near as I can remember, it was me."

"You! Jacob Gay!" "Yes, ma'am. You think it a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too." "Who preached it? Our minister?" "No. He didn't preach — not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman — a young woman, too." "Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely. Those women's right folks haven't got into our pulpit?" "Well, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know the young woman at the post-office, Mrs. Hyde's niece. She and I were the first ones at meeting, and we sat by the stove, warming. I have seen her a good deal in the post-office and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is a pretty woman, and a nice one, and then she said, sort of low, and trembling in her voice, and with a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just starting: "Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer-meeting last night, that we did so want you to be a Christian."

"Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life. "Why, bless your soul," I said, "my child, I have been a member of the church forty years." "My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers, if they wasn't so tanned. "Do excuse me, Mr. Gay," she said. "Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school, and I never noticed you at communion." I sorry I've hurt your feelings." "Tut, tut, child, I answered. 'No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I'm a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school — well — I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it.' "Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat, but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. They preached to me all the meeting time. To think that some of the young folks in Wharton didn't know

I was a member, and were concerned for the old man. I said to myself, by way of application, "Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord — at least let your light shine so that the young folks can see it." — *Golden Rule.*

## "SEALED ORDERS."

Out she swung from her moorings,  
And over the harbor bar  
As the moon was slowly rising  
She faded from sight afar —  
And we traced her gleaming canvas  
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,  
Nor whither her course would be;  
Her future course was shrouded  
In silence and mystery;  
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders" —  
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,  
Go drifting into the night,  
Darkness before all round them,  
With scarce a glimmer of light;  
For the ship that carries God's orders  
Shall anchor at last in port.

Keeping the faith of duty  
Through good and evil report,  
They shall ride the storms out safely,  
Be the voyage long or short;  
For the ship that carries God's orders  
Shall anchor at last in port.

— HELEN CHATNEY, in *Sailors' Magazine.*

## The Little Folks.

A LITTLE BLACK DAISY.

BY MRS. FANNY D. BERGER.

Some years ago I was teaching a large room full of little boys and girls, in a beautiful city that is built on the shore of Lake Erie. I boarded nearly two miles from the school-house, where I worked very busily five days in every week. Now, I could choose any one of several different walks to and from school, but the one I liked best led me, for more than a mile, along the finest street in the city, which, people say, is the finest residence street in all America.

You should see it in mid-winter, when both sides are lined with sleighs, drawn by spirited horses and filled with warmly dressed people, wrapped in their fur robes and with their faces ruddy from the frosty air!

But it is not of this season that I would have you think now, so much as of the late spring-time, weeks after the beautiful Easter lilies have disappeared from the florists' windows, and when the green grass of the wide lawns in front of the stately houses along Euclid Avenue (the beautiful street of which I have told you) had already been several times smoothly clipped. I had often noticed, on the side of the street on which I usually walked, a great blank wall of boards, coming in to interrupt the succession of houses, and had as often wondered what lay behind it. But one day, as I was walking homeward after school, I saw that a board had been broken off, and through the opening which it made, I saw a great field, large enough for a park, of green grass, closely dotted with beautiful ox-eye daisies. This was the secret of the great enclosure, about which I had so often wondered; it belonged to a wealthy gentleman, who did not wish to sell it, and so kept it shut away from the people's sight. I stepped through the opening, into the field, and gathered whole handfuls of the bright-eyed, wild daisies.

I carried them home, and next morning, took them to my desk in the school-room, where, among the bright eyes that looked up into the pleasant faces of my flowers, there was not a brighter or more honest pair than those of another Daisy — a little black Daisy. She sat in the very front seat of a row at the right of my desk, where I could always be sure, at any moment in the day, of seeing her pleasant face and bright eyes first of all, when I looked down from my seat, over the rows of little folks that filled my room brimful.

There is no need of my telling you now what her other name was, but her first name was Daisy, and she was the brightest, the sweetest and best little colored girl that I ever knew.

Let me tell you a story about her. One day our tall, princely-looking superintendent came into my school-room and said, "Miss D., in three minutes some Boston teachers who are visiting our schools will come into your room, and I want to show them the personship of your pupils."

So, as soon as the superintendent had gone out, I gave the signal for putting books aside, then for taking slates, and said to the children, "You may write, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

After the line was written, the pupils sat back in their chairs, with folded hands, when, in a few moments, in came the superintendent with the visitors, and all walked up the aisle to my desk. When they had come clear to the front they stood waiting, and Mr. Rickoff, the superintendent, stopped, in passing, at the little Daisy's desk. He took up her slate, looked carefully at what was written on it, and then called out, so loud that every one in the room could hear, "Such handwriting as this is a joy forever." For I must tell you that Daisy's handwriting was almost as even and handsome as the words and sentences that you have set for you at the top of each page in your copy-books.

I wish I could make you see how glad, and yet half-ashamed, Daisy looked, as she sat in her sunny, prim way, only clasping her hands together a little tighter in her lap as the superintendent said this. You may believe, as she so much desired to be, and all the more because her poor little face was so black, and I knew she had not so many pleasant things to make her happy as most of her white schoolmates had.

Well, the term came to an end at last, and when I said good-by to the children, Daisy came up to me in her quaint, old-fashioned way with a piece of paper in her hand, and said, "Miss D., will you give me your directions? for I want to write to you this summer."

All the vacation through, I looked for a letter from her whenever the mail was brought, but none came, and I heard

nothing from my little friend in any till school began again, in the fall. When I called the school to order on the first day, I missed Daisy at once, and asked some of the children if they knew anything about her. They told me that she lived near the school-house and that she had been very sick all summer.

So I stepped over to her home, to which the children had directed me, as soon as I could find a spare moment. I found my poor little girl in a neat, quiet room which her mother had made cheerful with a bright carpet, pictures, and flowers, and there Daisy was lying with her look of freshness and health all gone.

Her poor little hands and feet were so twisted with rheumatism that I should hardly have known the was child-friend that lay there. Her back was so weak and gave her so much pain, that she was no longer able to walk about the pleasant streets; but her mother had bought a little carriage for Daisy, in which she could sometimes be taken out of doors. I hoped that I might sometimes take her for an airing in her carriage, but never found her well enough to go with me, so that I never saw her out of doors again.

And it was only a few weeks till a note which her mother sent to me, at the school-house one morning, summoned me to make my last visit at the house; for Daisy was dead! I remember, as well as if it were only yesterday, how sad I felt when I visited my little pupil's home to say good-by; for Daisy had made herself very dear to me; and now, years after I have left the beautiful city by the lake, I never see the stately daisies, as spring comes round again, without thinking of the little girl who made herself so dear to all by her modest, gentle ways and by always doing her work, whatever it might be, in the very best way.

## JACK DANDELION.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

Little Jack Dandelion stands in the dawn,  
Knee-deep in grass, with jacket of yellow;  
But soon comes a mower, to chafe down the lawn,  
Oh, how he trembles, the poor little fellow!

Poor Jack cannot hide as the mower comes on,  
Though every blow makes the nodding grass quiver;  
The buttercups fall, the daisies are gone;  
And now the keen blade cuts him through with a shiver.

Dead! dead! Is he dead? Not a bit, you will see,  
As you open the leaves which cover him over;  
There's a strong stir of life where new blossoms shall be,  
And three Jack Dandelions peep through the clover.

And oh, stranger still! In the warm sunny air  
Each yellow coat into white wings is turning,  
And they fly far away, I cannot tell where;  
And they fly far away, I cannot tell where.

On soft snowy wings away from his sorrow,  
Is it wise to "say die" though the fondest hope fails?  
There's trouble to-day, but wings for to-morrow.

For Young and Old.

BITS OF FUN.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

"Yes," said Fogg. "I like to deal with you, you know. He told me the last suit of clothes I bought of him would wear like iron. And so it did, exactly like iron; it looked as rusty as could be in less than three months."

Principal of School (examining applicant who wishes to take charge of some spelling classes): "And now, Miss Benson, what would you do if they should get obstreperous?" "Miss Benson: 'Ah, obstreperous! Why, I'd send them to the dictionary, of course.'"

That is a droll story about a fellow on board an ocean steamer who sat off by himself and presented such a forlorn appearance that some ladies took pity on him, and one of them inquired what was the matter. So one old lady approached and asked the lonely one why he was so disconsolate. "The fact is," said he, "I'm on my bridal tour, but I didn't have money enough to bring my wife with me."

A lady of charitable disposition asked a tramp if he could not assist him by mending his clothes. "Yes, madam," he replied, "I have a button, and if you would sew a shirt on to it you would greatly oblige me."

An old country gentleman, returning home rather late, discovered a yoke, with a lantern, under his kitchen window, when he asked his business there, stated he had only come a-courting. "Come a-what?" said the lady. "Come a-courting, I've courted Mary."

"It's false! What do you want a lantern for? I never use one when I was a young man." "No, sir," said the yoke's reply; "I didn't think 'er ad, judging by the missis."

Recently a young gentleman walked briskly into the yard in front of a house where a young lady resided on whom he proposed to call. Meeting her young brother near the gate he inquired if the young lady was at home. "She has come to a neighbor's, but will be back in a minute," said the lad. "Take a seat and wait." The young man walked to the piazza and sat down. In a few minutes the young lady returned, and, after shaking hands with the gentleman, stepped to a washstand, and, as she again sat down, she said, "How fresh everything seems to-night!" "Do you know anything fresher than a spring shower?" "No," said the young lady, "not unless it is the fresh paint you are sitting on. It has not been on the piazza more than four hours." The young man went round a back street to a hotel and sent the porter out on an errand. A few minutes later an odor of benzine filled the hotel and the secret leaked out.

Gems of Thought.

Unshed tears are never wiped away.  
Faith takes up the cross, love binds it to the soul, and patience bears it to the end.

A good deed says that advent men are like mud on a wagon wheel: they add weight, but neither strength nor beauty.

Thirty years of our Lord's life are hidden in these words of the Gospel: "He was subject unto them." — *Bever.*

Not death, but life; not silence, but the strings of angel-harp; no deep cold sea, but springs of living water; no gloom, but the joy of light; not sleep, but rest, that happy service brings.

.... It's only when ye dinna want to go to sleep 'at it licks ye round to ye. An' maybe the fear of death comes i' the same way; ye're feared at it, 'cause ye're no a'gether ready for it, but when the right time comes it'll be as natural as ye fall asleep when ye're doonright sleepy. — *Macdonald.*

.... The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection of itself — a broader shadow. We look forward into the lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing,  
I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the hay;  
As like the faded hunter's horn,  
The grave's edge to know how they should go.  
Old times my heart is playing.

.... Learn to measure with your pitiful thoughts the tortures of battle fields; the slowly consuming plagues of death in the starving children, and the waste of the innumerable desolate those battles cost; may, in our own life of peace, the agony of untold, untaught, unped creatures, awaiting at the grave's edge to know how they should go; and for whom the words they cannot hear, "As thou art, so shalt thou be," are received of benediction. These you would find have wept at His feet or stood at His cross, these you have always with you. — *Ruskin.*

.... A century ago an infidel German countess, dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a small granite slab, that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that on the stone be cut these words: "This burial-place, purchased to last eternally, must never be opened." But a little time found its way through the joints of the slabs, and grew there slowly and surely until it burst the clamps asunder, and lifting the immense block, the structure rose long, and cast a confused mass of rock, among which in verdure and beauty grew the great oak which had caused the destruction. Thus truth disposes of error; thus the branches of spread in splendor above the ruins of the false, and thus "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." — *Lutheran.*

So brief the time to smile,  
Why darts the air  
With frowns and tears, the while  
We nurse despair?  
Stand in the sunshine sweet  
And treasure up  
Nor seek with stubborn fate  
The darkness way.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

Miss Swaney, of the Mexican Mission, has been visiting Wilmington, Del., and Miss Hattie Kerr, of India, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Hibbard at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. Josephine Peck, sister of Dr. T. Eaton, will probably go to Mexico as a self-supporting missionary, under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Board.

Two of the most beautiful and influential of King Mtesa's daughters have been received into the mission church in Uganda, since which time they have been engaged in the royal harem in giving instruction to others.

A McAll Mission has just been favorably opened in Creil, a manufacturing town in the lovely valley of the Ouse, an hour's distance by cars from Calais.

The Church of England Missionary Society raises "a million for missions." Its ordinary income was last year \$991,645, besides its special receipts of \$165,640 — making a total of \$1,157,285.

Rev. John McCallagh, of Kentucky, who has been a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union for fifty years, writes: "During the last five years twelve of our missionaries in the South have organized more than 600 Union Bible schools for the blacks. Never was there such a field for usefulness."

There is a Baptist church of seventeen or eighteen members at Nablos, Palestine — the ancient Shechem — with a congregation of 100. A Sunday-school of 140, a day-school of 100 Mohammedan girls, and a house of worship called "Zion Upper Chamber Baptist Chapel."

The Foreign Missionary (Presbyterian) says: "In the Home for Chinese girls in San Francisco are thirty-six waifs, mostly slaves, rescued from those who had purchased them for the worst of purposes. By their industry, in various forms, these girls support a Bible woman in Canton. As permanent and visible results of the blessed work of this Chinese Home, there are now in and around San Francisco seven hundred young families formed by the marriage of such rescued girls to Christian young men. Thus the blight and degradation of Chinese womanhood in California have given place to a settled and virtuous domestic mother, which of itself proclaims the Gospel with silent eloquence."

Dr. H. H. Jessup, writing from Beirut, Syria, on May 15, says: "Yesterday was a glad day in the Beirut church. We received nineteen members on profession and three by letter. Sixteen of the whole number were young people — fifteen of them young women and girls and three young men. The addition of forty-one members to the Beirut church, in five months, is something unprecedented in the history of the church."

The German missionaries in Borneo report little progress and many difficulties, but the Rotterdam Missionary Society in East Java, has had much encouragement. They now have 4,000 church members.

A floating mission on the Amazon River, South America, is about to be established by the Roman Catholic Church. The vessel to be used will be called the "Christophorus," and will be manned by a number of priests who will do duty it will be to evangelize the population who leave the banks of the river and make for the forests when the waters go down. It is to contain a fully furnished chapel, as well as ample accommodation for the priests.

The Salvation Army in England proposes to send a mission to China, with a native leader; also to establish a Salvation Navy to carry on the work of the army at sea and in seaports. A yacht capable of accommodating three hundred people has been donated for this purpose.

The







## A DOUBLY GOOD WORK.

All people who eat are indebted to the Royal Baking Powder Company not more for having perfected and prepared a leavening agent that is pure and wholesome beyond a question than for its exposures, so boldly made, of the numerous impure, adulterated and injurious articles that are sold under the name of baking powders, bread preparations, etc., in this community. In making these exposures the Company has, of course, made itself the target for all sorts of counter attacks, but the animus of these attacks has been perfectly understood by the general public, and by their very violence have served to more prominently call attention to the good work of the "Royal" Company.

Food frauds of the usual class, such as wooden nutmegs, chicory coffee and watered milk, although they are swindles in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer. But when an article like baking powder that is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal is so made as to carry highly injurious into our daily food, it would seem to be the duty of the press as well as of the criminal authorities to take cognizance of it.

In the fight for pure food made by the "Royal" Company some time ago, when its agents were particularly trained against the alum baking powders, it was noticed that the most trustworthy scientific authorities were emphatically upon its side. So in the recent contest with the lime and other impure baking powders the result has proved that every statement made by the Royal Baking Powder Company, both as to the purity of its own and the adulteration of other baking powders of the market, was fully authorized by the most competent chemical and medical authorities of the country.

In this contest two facts have been pretty conclusively settled in the minds of the public—the first, that the Royal Company has found the means, and uses them to make a chemically pure article of food, and the other, that the average baking powder, no matter how strongly endorsed by "commercial" chemists, is an exceedingly doubtful preparation.

Pure baking powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. The recent controversy in the press has left it no longer a question with those who desire purity and wholesomeness of food what baking powder they shall use.

## The Week.

## DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

**Tuesday, July 14.**  
Prof. Charles Kendall Adams, of Michigan University, elected president of Cornell University.  
Sudden and unexpected improvement in Gen. Grant's condition during the past few days.  
The labor troubles at East Saginaw and Saginaw City, Mich., of a threatening character.

Opening to travel of the Henderson Railroad bridge at Evansville, Ind., connecting two divisions of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and other roads entering at that point.  
Reassuring advice from the Cheyenne country.

Destructive rain and wind storm in the Allegheny (Pa.) Valley, doing a vast amount of damage to property.  
Mobbing and hanging of a negro in Towson, Md., who was under sentence of death.

Decision by Comptroller Durham that the erroneously dated Treasury notes of the denomination of \$50 of July 2, 1884, are genuine and legal, and must be redeemed by the government when presented by the holders at any time after three years from the date of issue.

Occurrence of a riot between the soldiers and citizens at Waterford, Ireland—the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne—resulting in the killing of one man by a soldier.  
Enthusiastic welcome accorded Gen. Wolsey on his arrival in London.

Number of deaths from cholera in Spain since the disease first appeared, 13,000.  
A monument is to be erected by the British government to the memory of Gen. Gordon.

**Wednesday, July 15.**  
Escape of seven murderers from jail in Asheville, N. C.  
No serious trouble yet reported among the strikers either at East Saginaw, Saginaw City, or Bay City, Mich.

The steamer run by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company between San Francisco and Australia, to be withdrawn Nov. 1 of this year.

A committee of high character appointed to inquire into the charges of inquiry in London made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The government will not prosecute the paper for its recent publications.

Failure of the Munster Bank at Cork, Ireland, with liabilities of \$8,750,000.  
Thirteen thousand bricklayers on a strike in Berlin.

Marriage of Lord Vernon, of Sudbury Park, Derbyshire, Eng., to Miss Frances Lawrence, of New York.

Celebration of the anniversary of the fall of the French Bastille, in Paris.

**Thursday, July 16.**  
The Niagara Falls reservation formally transferred to the State of New York, a vast concourse of people being present on the occasion.

The print and dye works of James Martin & Co., in Philadelphia, damaged to the extent of \$250,000 by fire.

Occurrence of a conflict between the Cleveland (O.) strikers and the police, in which the latter were victorious. Many of the rioters roughly handled by the officers, and several so badly clubbed that they will die.

Much property destroyed in Steubenville, Ohio, by a heavy rainstorm.

Prevalence of intense excitement in London over intelligence that the Russians were advancing in force to the Zailik Pass. The Afghans determined to resist any attempt to seize their territory.

Great excitement in Dublin and Cork over the failure of the Munster Bank, thousands of depositors crowding around the institution and its branches clamoring for their money.

Raising to the peerage of Sir Robert Lindsay and Mr. Reginald Brett, members of the British Parliament.  
Beginning of the investigation of the recent *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures, at the Mansion House, London, the lord mayor presiding.  
Total loss of the coasting steamer "Edgar

Start," running between Halifax and Yarmouth, N. S., by striking on a rock in a fog. The passengers and crew rescued with much difficulty.

**Friday, July 17.**  
Burning of the Post Building, in Washington, D. C., in which the *Daily Post*, *National Republican*, *Washington Critic* and *Sunday Gazette* are printed; the editorial, composing and press rooms of the four papers being completely ruined.

Serious trouble liable to occur at any time between the Mormons and Gentiles in Utah—according to Gen. Howard, commander of the department of the Platte.

Opening of the sessions of the Concord School of Philosophy, at Concord, Mass.

Mr. Francis H. Underwood, of Boston, appointed U. S. consul at Glasgow.

Destruction, by fire, of the Philadelphia Rubber Works, the property loss reaching \$50,000.

Occurrence of an anti-English demonstration in Paris, France, many English ladies passing the Hotel Normandy being rudely treated.

Prevalence of a widespread conspiracy in Spain. Several of the revolutionists captured recently and condemned to death.

Subsidence in Cork and Dublin of the excitement growing out of the Munster Bank collapse.

**Saturday, July 18.**  
Aggregate losses by the fire in the Washington Post Building, \$190,000.

Resignation of Mr. W. H. Webber, superintendent of the rope walk at the Charleston Navy Yard.

The appointment of government director of the Union Pacific Railroad declined by ex-Senator Francis Kernan of New York.

Joseph T. Cottinger, ex-secretary and treasurer of the Central Transportation Company of Pennsylvania, sentenced in Philadelphia to four years' solitary confinement in the County Prison for embezzlement and forgery.

The Zailik Pass not occupied by the Russian forces, as reported.

Revival of negotiations for a commercial treaty between Spain and the United States.

A run made on the Hibernian Bank, Dublin; depositors besieging the institution all day.

Holding of a conference of sugar refiners in London.

Gen. Middleton given \$20,000 by the Canadian Parliament for suppressing the Northwest rebellion.

**Monday, July 20.**  
Burning of the New York & New England shops at Norwood, Mass., the loss being estimated at \$200,000.

Financial embarrassment of Mr. John Roach, the noted ship builder, and an assignment of his property made for the benefit of his creditors.

Death of Rev. Dr. S. Irenaeus Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*, at Manchester, Vt., at the age of 73.

Destruction, by fire, of J. B. King's plaster of Paris mills at New Brighton, N. Y.

More than 30,000,000 francs required to repair damage caused to the French navy by the recent war with China.

Opening of the Latin monetary conference in Paris.

The Montenapies at Pisa defeated by the Peruvian troops.

(Continued from page 5.)  
will regret to learn that, while for a time he was better, he is again very feeble, and it is feared he will not live long. His acquaintances in the West speak highly of him as a Christian man.

Our work in Manchester is going well. The St. James congregation is increasing in numbers, and the Sunday-school is doing good work.

At St. Paul's Church, Manchester, July 12, twenty-two probationers were received into full membership, and five members were received by letter. The church has suffered much by deaths. During the last quarter eight members died. Bros. Avann and Danforth have inaugurated open-air services on the common, having first obtained permission of the authorities. The first meeting, held Sunday afternoon, July 12, was a good beginning. Hundreds were present, and there were the best order and attention.

Rev. A. Twichell writes: "Will you not, brethren, take the pains to look on page 7 of ZION'S HERALD of July 1, 1885, and read carefully 'Our New Work at Woodville,' then do all in your power to help us 'Hold the Fort.' Bear in mind that this congregation of one hundred and fifty persons will greatly help on our general work by and by; also that of our eighty Sunday-school scholars, fifty or more are children that we can train for God if you that are strong will help us to our feet."

Seven Sunday-schools responded to the invitation of Rev. G. C. Noyes, of Sandwich, N. H., for a temperance celebration of the Fourth of July. A fine collation, ice cream, lemonade, candy and peanuts delighted the children, while songs and recitations by children gladdened the adult part of the assembly.

In the afternoon addresses were made by Messrs. A. S. Orne, G. W. Norris, Scribner, Cartland and others, and a petition for amendment of the liquor law by enacting the Iowa nuisance clause received about one hundred signatures. The ice cream was frozen by the use of half tons which fell at the close of July 3, a large drift of which lay unmeted at 5 P. M. of the 4th, having been kept for refrigerating purposes by covering with blankets and robes.

**HEDDING CAMP-MEETING.**  
This meeting has a history of more than twenty years on the grounds now occupied at East Epping, N. H. There are, also, memories of earlier days in another camp near by. The helpful quickening of the churches of Dover district by these annual assemblies of a quarter of a century may not be told.

This meeting may still be helpful, and merits the prayerful thought of all its patrons and friends. The grounds are easily reached. All who approach by the Concord road are carried by a branch track, recently laid, directly to the encampment. These grounds, also, compare favorably with all others. The soil is sandy and soft. The growth is of both hard and soft woods. Distance from villages and public highways

is sufficient for retirement, stillness and peace. The charms of nature are not wanting. From the warm soil great trees lift themselves in ranks imposing and inspiring. Spreading beeches, vigorous hemlocks, graceful and fragrant birches, and lofty pines, massive, odoriferous and abundant, are found, affording delightful and impressive shade. Large openings, too, give opportunity to court the sunshine.

The auditorium is finely formed and rendered solemn and suggestive by the noble trees. In the midst of this temple an altar is reared—a Christian pulpit has place—fronted by radiating aisles flanked with sittings for a worshipping host. Without the circle of church homes are pleasant avenues leading in various directions and lined with neat cottages where camp dwellers find many comforts, rest giving renewed vigor, and gracious privilege in religious things.

On either side the auditorium is to be found a remarkable spring of water. These waters are not only pleasant to the thirsty soul, always cool and sparkling, but they also have positive value for the invalid. At least, they merit more attention than has yet been granted. Business enterprise might, doubtless, make these springs the center of great attraction and success. The writer knows not that any analysis of these waters has been made, but is certain of personal advantage from their use. The waters are abundant, their flow has proved ample for all demands in all the seasons, wet or dry, since the opening of the grounds, and sometimes many thousands in a day have there quenched their off-recurring thirst. All in all, Hedding is naturally a place healthful in high degree. Continuous effort is made in matters of sanitation to render this healthful status of the grounds positive and permanent.

A cloud long gloomily hanging over this meeting has, happily, been lifted. The serious litigation over certain "rights of way" through the lands owned by the association, which had extended through years, has ceased by the purchase of the property held by the opposing litigant at the award of a legal appointed board of reference. This purchase has added quite largely to the real estate of the association. Through a part of the new acquisition an avenue has this year been opened. This avenue is of unusual breadth, giving both sunlight and shade. On this very large lot are now offered for sale; nothing better can be found. Any desiring a summer home at a camp-ground inland will do well to look at these lots at Hedding before purchasing.

But the chief interest and value is not discoverable in any or all these material advantages. Hedding camp-meeting purposes to be a place for the work of God. Here the Gospel is to have voice and opportunity, the sinner is to be awakened and saved, the believer to be quickened and living faith in Him "by whom we have now received the atonement." Already the grove has been made sacred by gracious manifestations of the power of God. That these hallowing things may be more, not less, is the thought, purpose, effort, of the management.

All secular business is conducted with this object and outcome continuously in view. While it is hoped that a pleasant summer home at very low cost may be kept within reach of thousands who need the same, more than that is to be devoutly sought. Piety is to have primal place in the pleasant silence of this grove. Worship is to be always there. "This is none other than the house of God." Sunlight and shadow write everywhere in nature's hieroglyphics, at doorways, in the avenues, and through the auditorium, "Holiness to the Lord."

Behind the management are the churches. There is harmony of thought and desire that at this meeting the Gospel shall have annual triumphs. Will not these churches seek to intensify their interest in this enterprise? As already indicated, there are now freedom from unpleasant complications and fairer opportunity for effort and success in camp-meeting evangelism. Other meetings have their rightful claims, their historic and growing religious value; but the churches of Dover district and of the lower part of Concord district will serve their own interests by faithfulness to this meeting. Some disciples of the Master may think other meetings afford higher privilege of Christian service, blessing and companionship. But is there not some pressure of duty and obligation on all members of the churches indicated, to give of their time, effort, prayer, faith, influence, power, to make our own meeting "mighty through God" for all high success and permanent advantage?

Thus may the whole Gospel be preached from the pulpit, already hallowed by the presence and service of saintly men, from all the ranks of our ministry; bishops and other representative men be heard from time to time; everything in the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" in due season have voice; sinners be told of repentance, faith, the new birth, and all that makes one a "child of God" believers be brought face to face with the biblical demand for holiness and graciously led thereto by pertinent instruction and service. Advance on all these lines this year is desired and expected. Let all help. Improve society and cottage homes now standing; build new as need and ability warrant. Speak well of our own meeting. Invite friends to favorable consideration of it. Pastors and churches, uphold and sustain Presiding Elder Dunning in the conduct of its affairs! Come in numbers and in faith, bringing the unsaved with you, and in every way by this assembling in the woods let God be glorified in the saving of men.

OTIS COLE, Sec.

ALL PREACHERS IN CHARGE IN THE EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—I have requested a few preachers by postal card, in brief, the data wanted for a history of Methodism in the East Maine Conference. This is to request you each and all to forward to me at Hockport, at your earliest convenience, the several items asked for by Rev. S. Allen, in the *HERALD* of July 15. By doing which, you will much oblige.

W. H. PILBURY.

**FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY.**—The M. E. Church of North Andover, Mass., will celebrate the 40th anniversary of its founding, Sunday, Aug. 7.

The service will consist of the following:

1. At 10.30 a. m., Historical Sermon, by the pastor.

2. At 11 a. m., Reunion Love-feast and Sacrament.

3. At 1.30 p. m., Reunion Jubilee, in which addresses will be made by former pastors and members, and letters read from the absent.

All former pastors have been specially invited to be present, and an invitation is hereby extended to all former members of the church and congregation to return and spend that day with us.

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**"Carbolic Purifying Powder."**  
The Standard Disinfectant.

A PURE PROTECTION AGAINST Defective Sewerage, Typhoid Fever, Small Pox, Diphtheria, AND ALL DANGERS ARISING FROM

**FOULAIR.**  
The most reliable and effective disinfectant known to science. Tested by many years' successful use. Sold by all druggists. Manufactured solely by AMERICAN SANITARY ASSOCIATION 276 Devonshire Street, Boston.

the management of able and experienced officers. One of the steamers of this company leaves Foster's Wharf daily, (Sundays excepted) at 5 P. M., connecting at Rockland, South West and Bar Harbor, and all places of interest in that vicinity. See advertisement.

We trust our readers will not fail to notice the excursion rates arranged by the Old Colony Railroad. For a slight expense some of the most attractive resorts on the coast can be visited. For full particulars see advertisement.

In last week's paper an advertisement appeared of a cottage "for sale or rent," at Cottage City on "Lincoln Avenue." It should have read Clinton Avenue, which is one of the most desirable streets, and the cottage advertised is pleasantly located, and will be rented on favorable terms.

In passing through School Street one of the hot days last week, we noticed the great variety of fabrics adapted to the warm season, in the spacious windows of Messrs. Charles A. Smith & Co. It had a cooling effect to even look at them, and we went away thinking it not strange that when gentlemen want genteel garments they call at this well-known house where one can always find the most desirable goods appropriate for the season.

The glory of woman is a beautiful field of hair—her very crown. Parker's Hair Balsam excels in producing it. Only 50 cents.

The remarkable cures effected by VERTINE have induced many physicians and apothecaries, whom we know, to prescribe and use it in their own families.

In putting in coal for my furnace in winter I now only get 3-4 the amount since I bought Dunckley's New Golden Eagle Furnace.

Whether this is "cholera year" or not, every housekeeper should read what the American Sanitary Association says in another column, in regard to "Foul Air."

**Church Register.**  
HERALD CALENDAR.

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness every Monday, at 2 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall.  
Salvation Army Meeting, at Old Orchard, July 16-17  
Maine Christian Assembly, at Martha's Vineyard, Aug. 1-10  
Grove, Fryeburg, Me., July 27-Aug. 1  
Old Double Camp-meeting, July 30-Aug. 10  
Yarmouth Camp-meeting, Aug. 3-10  
Salem Camp-meeting, at Martha's Vineyard, Aug. 10-13  
Grove, Fryeburg, Me., Aug. 10-13  
National Holiness Meeting, Old Orchard, Aug. 11-17  
South Portland Camp-meeting, Aug. 11-17  
Ridgeway Camp-meeting, Aug. 11-17  
Hodgdon Camp-meeting, Aug. 11-17  
Portland District Camp-meeting, at Old Orchard, Aug. 17-22  
New England Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-22  
Wien Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-22  
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-24  
Empire Grove Camp-meeting, at Martha's Vineyard, Aug. 17-24  
Northampton Camp-meeting, Aug. 18-26  
Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-27  
Hedding Camp-meeting, at E. Epping, Aug. 24-29  
Sterling Junction Camp-meeting, Aug. 24-29  
Clarendon Junction Camp-meeting, Aug. 24-29  
St. Johnsbury Dist. Camp-meeting, at Lyndonville, Vt., Aug. 24-29  
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 24-29  
Empire Grove Camp-meeting, E. Poland, Aug. 24-29  
Winnon Camp-meeting, N. H., Aug. 31-Sept. 5  
Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 31-Sept. 5  
Greenville, N. H., Camp-meeting, Sept. 7-12  
Assen Camp-meeting, Sept. 7-12  
Freeman Centre Camp-meeting, Sept. 21-28  
East Machias Camp-meeting, Aug. 31-Sept. 5  
Ridgeway Camp-meeting, at East Machias Camp-ground, at 1 p. m., Sept. 2

**QUARTERLY MEETINGS.**  
CONCORD DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

**JULY.**  
Woodville, 23; Bow, 24, p. m., N. M.  
North Harbor, 24; Learned; 25  
Haverhill, 25, eve, and 26, m.  
Piermont, 26, p. m.; 27, m.  
Franklin Falls, 31.

**AUG.**  
Lancaster, 1, eve, and 2, m.  
Jefferson, 2, p. m.; 3, m.  
E. Tilton, 1 and 2, pastor; 3, m.  
Lisbon, 3; 4, m.  
Greenville, 4, eve, and 5, m.  
Lyman, 2, p. m., D. J. Winnepesaukee C. M., 12-14  
Chickadee, 6, eve; 7, m.  
Concord, 8, eve, 9, m.  
Sancock, 10, eve; 11, m.  
Penacook, 11, eve; 12, m.  
Manchester, 1st Ch., 1, eve; 2, m.  
Man, St. Paul's, 2, eve; 3, m.  
Stark, 4, 6; 5, m.  
South Columbia, 5, 6; 7, m.  
Groveport Camp-meeting, 7-11  
Groveport, 12, eve, and 13, m.  
Stratford, 13, p. m. and eve; Colebrook, 13, m.  
Littleton, 14, eve, pastor; 15, m.

**OCT.**  
Swiftwater, 1, 4, a. m.; 2, m.  
Acushnet, 1, 4, a. m.; 2, m.  
North Monro, 5, eve; 6, m.  
Wherever desirable, pastors may appoint preaching service on week evenings, to precede the Q. C. service, daily (Sundays excepted), at 7 P. M., for all our charges. Make the most of quarterly meetings for saving men; and to the same end, P. M. THE CAMP-MEETING WORK HEARTILY.

Concord, N. H. Q. W. NOLAN, P. M.

**CLAREMONT DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.**  
JULY.  
Concord, 18; Keene, 20;  
Peterborough, 11, 12, m.; Marlboro, 21;  
3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, m.;  
West Ringdale, 13; Hudson, 24, p. m.;  
Newport, 30, a. m.; Andover, 31, m.  
Sunapee, 19, m. [In full next week.] J. E. ROBINSON.

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A PURE PROTECTION AGAINST Defective Sewerage, Typhoid Fever, Small Pox, Diphtheria, AND ALL DANGERS ARISING FROM

## Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, nose eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and conquered myself cured." C. E. LOVJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

**Salt Rheum**  
William Spiles, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well." "My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

**Age the Test of Merit.**

1844. **SELTZER** 1885.

Prescribed by physicians and used in the best families of America for over forty years. I fully appreciate your **SELTZER** and have found it truly valuable in cases of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Headache and Dizziness.

JAMES KENNEDY, M. D.  
Have used and prescribed **SELTZER** for many years with most satisfactory results.

**WOOD'S**  
GENUINE SELECTED SPICES.  
Fragrant, Aromatic, Economical.  
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

**8% NET**  
Security 3 to 6 months loan, 6 to 12 months loan, 12 to 18 months loan, 18 to 24 months loan, 24 to 36 months loan, 36 to 48 months loan, 48 to 60 months loan, 60 to 72 months loan, 72 to 84 months loan, 84 to 96 months loan, 96 to 108 months loan, 108 to 120 months loan, 120 to 132 months loan, 132 to 144 months loan, 144 to 156 months loan, 156 to 168 months loan, 168 to 180 months loan, 180 to 192 months loan, 192 to 204 months loan, 204 to 216 months loan, 216 to 228 months loan, 228 to 240 months loan, 240 to 252 months loan, 252 to 264 months loan, 264 to 276 months loan, 276 to 288 months loan, 288 to 300 months loan, 300 to 312 months loan, 312 to 324 months loan, 324 to 336 months loan, 336 to 348 months loan, 348 to 360 months loan, 360 to 372 months loan, 372 to 384 months loan, 384 to 396 months loan, 396 to 408 months loan, 408 to 420 months loan, 420 to 432 months loan, 432 to 444 months loan, 444 to 456 months loan, 456 to 468 months loan, 468 to 480 months loan, 480 to 492 months loan, 492 to 504 months loan, 504 to 516 months loan, 516 to 528 months loan, 528 to 540 months loan, 540 to 552 months loan, 552 to 564 months loan, 564 to 576 months loan, 576 to 588 months loan, 588 to 600 months loan, 600 to 612 months loan, 612 to 624 months loan, 624 to 636 months loan, 636 to 648 months loan, 648 to 660 months loan, 660 to 672 months loan, 672 to 684 months loan, 684 to 696 months loan, 696 to 708 months loan, 708 to 720 months loan, 720 to 732 months loan, 732 to 744 months loan, 744 to 756 months loan, 756 to 768 months loan, 768 to 780 months loan, 780 to 792 months loan, 792 to 804 months loan, 804 to 816 months loan, 816 to 828 months loan, 828 to 840 months loan, 840 to 852 months loan, 852 to 864 months loan, 864 to 876 months loan, 876 to 888 months loan, 888 to 900 months loan, 900 to 912 months loan, 912 to 924 months loan, 924 to 936 months loan, 936 to 948 months loan, 948 to 960 months loan, 960 to 972 months loan, 972 to 984 months loan, 984 to 996 months loan, 996 to 1008 months loan, 1008 to 1020 months loan, 1020 to 1032 months loan, 1032 to 1044 months loan, 1044 to 1056 months loan, 1056 to 1068 months loan, 1068 to 1080 months loan, 1080 to 1092 months loan, 1092 to 1104 months loan, 1104 to 1116 months loan, 1116 to 1128 months loan, 1128 to 1140 months loan, 1140 to 1152 months loan, 11